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GEORGE DEWEY, ADMIRAL



By FREDERICK PALMER



GEORGE DEWEY, ADMIRAL





ADMIRAL DEWEY

From a photograph taken by General Mauri, photographer to the King of Italy.

George Dewey, Admiral

Impressions of Dewey and
the *Olympia* on their
Homeward Pro-
gress from
Manila

By

Frederick Palmer

ILLUSTRATED



New York
Doubleday & McClure Co.
1899



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PREFACE.

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These disconnected letters, written in haste for the papers, are sufficient, when put between covers, to make what is technically known as a book. They will serve their purpose if they bring my countrymen near to a great and lovable man.

FREDERICK PALMER.

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CHAPTER I.

MANILA.

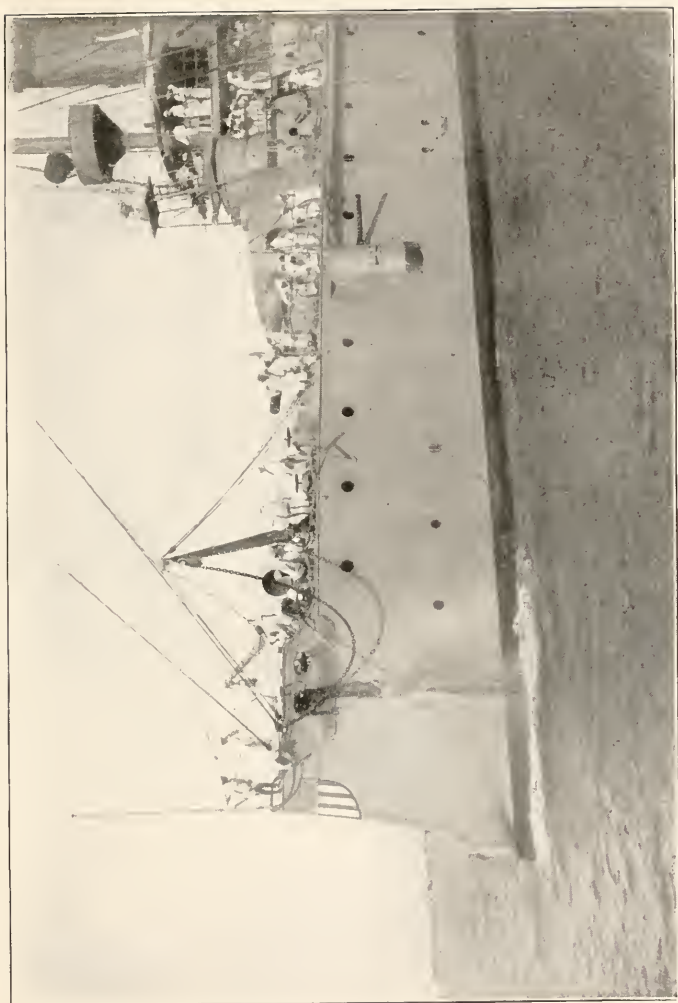
As punctiliously as it was begun, the Admiral's career in Manila Bay came to an end. The *Olympia* was announced to depart at four o'clock yesterday afternoon. She went at four. Not at two or three minutes after, but just on the tick of the hour her screw began to turn. Such is the law and doctrine of the Asiatic Squadron, and has been since George Dewey took command. We watched her disappear on the horizon, and we were lonely.

To every man on sea or shore, serving or following in the footsteps of the servants of the United States of America, his going was more or less felt in the sense of a personal bereavement. The Kansas men felt just as they did when they heard of their Colonel's promotion. They were glad to see Funston a Brigadier; he ought to be one. Nevertheless, at the thought that he would never lead them in a charge again, something caught in their throats. We knew that the Admiral ought to go and he wanted to go. Thirteen months on

board a man-of-war in the Bay is enough for any man of sixty-one years to endure at a stretch.

When the Admiral came, there was only one American in Manila, withered old Mr. Collins, who had drifted into the Philippines thirty years before and, falling a victim to Spanish siestas, had never had the luck to drift out again. Even he was not exactly in Manila. Spanish friends had been kind enough to explain the advantages to be enjoyed by one in his position on a neutral ship and he took their advice. When the Admiral came the American flag had never been seen in Manila, except flying over the Consulate. American cruisers were unknown to the Bay of Manila. The people at home recalled the Philippines as a point in their school geographies. Behold, one morning the Bay was ours. Our men cleaned their guns, felt of themselves and found everybody whole, except one seaman on the Baltimore. Then they looked toward the beach, where lay hulks of twisted steel which once floated, and they knew that they had not been dreaming while they were at regular target practice.

"It's not a fight," said the Junior Mess and the Wardroom. "It's just a little side show. Maybe Sampson has met Cervera and Cervera has suffered the same fate as Montojo. If so, where do we



THE "OLYMPIA" WEIGHING ANCHOR AT MANILA

come in? As we read our maps, the North Atlantic is the cockpit of the war."

"Another thing," said the doctors, most of whom had yet to bandage the first wound. "The Admiral does things too well. He did this too well to get much credit for it. If we had had a few men killed we might say that we had been in a battle."

"What I can't savey," said the veteran Jack Purdy, "is why in damnation the Spaniards didn't use blank charges and save expense."

The Admiral dropped a remark on the same subject as he looked towards the remains of the enemy on the second of May.

"They're going to make a great deal of this at home," he said. "An American fleet winning a battle in this far off harbor against a squadron of Spain has too much of the element of romance in it to be readily forgotten."

Bye and bye when the 'Frisco papers of the first week in May arrived, the Admiral met with just as great a surprise as his officers. He could not understand why they made so much of the part which he had played. Then it was time to recall the doctor's remark about the Admiral's weakness for doing things easily and thereby escaping public attention.

"It was a simple proposition of running the mines

at the entrance to the bay and then of facing the enemy," the Admiral has said more than once. "The credit of what was accomplished belongs to the service. It was a test of the merit of our guns, our men and our officers against theirs. The strategy of it was to keep moving while we fired so as to make as difficult a mark as possible. That we did keep moving alone explains our freedom from injury. Otherwise I should regard it as nothing short of a miracle that we did not have a man killed."

"We do not count," they say in the wardroom and the junior mess—and the strategists of the forecastle agree. "Those who know how the Admiral organized the squadron before we started, how he foresaw and provided for all possible contingencies, add their testimony to the appreciation of the public of the boldness of his conception and the manner in which he carried it out. The Admiral won the battle of Manila Bay."

We ashore are here because of this weakness of his for doing things easily. We regard ourselves as a part of his family. By *we* I mean a most picturesque little world; a volunteer army which came with touch-and-go haste, forgetting its engineers, to finish what he had begun; energetic American officers in

the palaces of the old city where only Spanish uniforms had been seen for two centuries; strapping soldiers in blue shirts and kharkee breeches and campaign hats in the place of little black men in straw hats and bed-ticking coats and breeches; bang and rattle and rush in the illy-paved streets where the Filipino coachmen, rulers rather than ruled, drive lean ponies hitched to their rickety caromattas by harnesses of rope, and are catching some of the American contagion of dollars; newspapers with headlines and news instead of feuilletons; cafés turned into bars and selling beers instead of vermouth and water; big trains of mules replacing the plodding water buffalo and his cumbrous cart in carrying supplies to the front; Spanish hotels passed into American hands crying to the States for articles of sanitation by the first steamer, and hotels not yet in American hands learning to grill beefsteak rather than to boil it in grease and pepper; every American learning enough Spanish to say "Pronto," which is "hurry," and shopkeepers giving up their siestas for the love of our gold eagles; the native population learning to drink beer and that it is not civilized to go naked; officers' wives crying for American stoves and trying to establish themselves in what is to be their home for three years; fresh troops

coming in by transports, and dark and gesticulatory remnants of Spanish officers, before returning to Spain, saying "Adios! Adios! Adios!" and shedding many tears in the little cafés of the old city which were soon to be entirely deserted; withal thirty thousand men overwhelmingly occupied in trying to put down a rebellion which might never have taken place if the reins over Aguinaldo had remained in the Admiral's hands.

The turmoil on land has no counterpart in the Bay, where the members of the squadron are as quiet as so many forts. Their numbers are now and then diminished or increased by the departure of one going to perform, or the arrival of one which has been performing, some duty in connection with the patrolling of the coast of Luzon for filibusters and the maintaining of the *status quo* in the Visayas. Only the Olympia never left her post. The flagship of the squadron must remain in one place as the Admiral's headquarters. Her officers and crew envied the officers and crew of the Monadnock poking her nose close up to the insurgent trenches near the beach and making the little brown men think that the end of the world had come; they envied the officers and crew of any ship that had any action.

Of all things which the seaman, Jacky or Admiral, loathes, it is to be neither at sea nor ashore; to be anchored in sight of both with no leave and monotonous daily routine. Add to this the heat of the boilers under a tropical sun in the Bay of Manila and you have something which is akin to perdition. But the army envied the navy and the navy envied the army, with nothing to choose between them.

"When I go to war again," said a private of the South Dakotas, "I'll do my fighting for my country on the sea. There is just one scrap. You go up or you go down. Then, it's all over. If you are up you have your bed and grub and clean dicky the same as ever. You don't have to sleep on the ground and chase yellowbacks through salt marshes. The vessel does the marching for you."

"Why don't they have a landing party?" Jacky is forever asking. "Do those soldier men think we can't walk and shoot?"

For the very good reason that a liberty party would have meant the number of its members on the firing line, no shore leaves have been granted. Jacky was glad when the fighting got so far away from the city that he could not hear the volleys and be continually reminded of the fun he was missing. He did not grumble a word against the Admiral.

It is an article of his creed that the Admiral can do no wrong. He blamed the army, or an indefinite somebody. It is not unlikely that a week with McArthur's Division would cure him of his enthusiasm and he would be as glad to return to the ship as he is to go to sea again after he has spent all his money in any port, and drunk too deep of its delights. As it is, he has escaped the illness which became the lot of the army. The health of the Asiatic Squadron is almost as good as that of the North Atlantic in time of peace.

In crossing the open space of promenadé, park and common called the Luneta which lies between the residential suburb of Malate and the city proper, we could always see the Olympia lying at anchor in the same position that she had occupied for month on month. She moved with the tide, of course. We landlubbers did not notice that, because from such a distance we could not tell bow from stern and the Admiral's flag was the size of a postage stamp. She was sombre in her leaden war color in the light of the early morning, the color of the sea by day (except for her white awnings which were dazzling), and noble and beautiful in the sunsets which surpass sunsets of the temperate zone as the palm:

surpasses the little fir tree struggling for life on the limit of the timber line in the Rockies.

She was good to look upon, whether we looked morning, noon, or night. She was the bulwark which stood between us and our enemies on the sea. The Oregon, powerful, ugly and scowling, like a bull dog with his feet wide apart, was only a new-comer. Tramp ships and passenger steamers might struggle for a new footing in the new world we had made, transports and cruisers might come and go, one regiment after another might recruit from the voyage from 'Frisco on the common of the Luneta, but Sphinx-like, immovable, the Olympia always surveyed us. She had become an institution like the Cathedral and the Bridge of Spain. The Admiral was the beginning of all things.

In the lulls between the land engagements with the Filipinos, the rumor-makers, who always follow an army because it is such a matter-of-fact organization, I suppose, improved their time by announcing the date of the Admiral's immediate departure. To disbelieve the rumor-makers is a part of your daily duty. All they live for, I think, is to make newspaper correspondents get out of bed and investigate their stories.

Perforce, there must come a time when this rumor

would be true, and it came last week. We knew that the Admiral would not be slow to say the word once the matter was settled. His desire to return as soon as he felt his presence no longer necessary was, I have said, an open secret. His presence had not been necessary for two months, according to his own estimate. He would have gone before this if both he and Secretary Long had not been so polite. The Secretary desired that the Admiral should do as he pleased and to make the way easy for him to do as he pleased. The Admiral wrote to him saying that at the Secretary's pleasure the *Olympia* was ready to return. He seems to be in no hurry, the Secretary thought, and probably he thinks his presence in Manila is still necessary. So, instead of cabling his reply, as the Admiral rather expected he would, he sent it by mail. Therefore, the Admiral had to wait for the letter which bade him lift anchor whenever he chose.

One of the most envied men on the *Olympia*, one of the two mail orderlies, who came ashore every day, was the first to spread the news.

"The Admiral is going home," he said as he stepped off the launch one morning, "and he's going pretty soon."

"It's true," was the confirmation from the office

of the Captain of the Port, "and they are already asking him by cable to attend a hundred dollar a plate banquet and sit for his picture. They have been looking for him for a year and now they've got him."

For the first time in thirteen months the sailors dared to speak of "home" without expecting something to rise up from the forecastle deck and strike them. The good word was passed to them at once. It was bound to occur to the thoughtful Admiral how glad they would be to hear it. Even then they did not know it more than forty-eight hours before it had traveled the length of the lines on land.

"Hong Kong is the first port," said Purdy, the father of the forecastle, with great gravity, "and I guess we'll make Hong Kong think we've got some money to spend."

"Six months' pay and shore leave," put in "Jim" Johnson, the coxswain of the launch, who would be father of the forecastle if Purdy wasn't older than he and hadn't served in the Mexican War as well as the Civil. "Oh, Ombray, I'll stretch fore and aft on the best bed in the best hotel. I'll eat a table dotey dinner with all the fixings, and I'll drink just enough to become a modest sailor man. All you kiddies follow me and I'll teach you how to be young

again. I'm damned if I won't be condescending enough to speak to a marine on the street. Oh, Om-bray, I'm full of the milk of human kindness. It's a good world—a world that makes you keep your money for six months so you can be six times six as happy when you get a chance to spend it."

"We are ready to give you the biggest reception in our power, and a little bigger one," was the essence of the cables of the mayors of most of the towns between 'Frisco and New York. "We offer you a special train for any place at any time," was the word of the railroad companies. San Francisco expected him for the Fourth of July. After it was learned that he was going by the way of Suez, New York expected him for the Fourth. Alas! for plans made without his connivance. The Admiral is not to step foot on his native soil until October. Why so long and why Suez? some people wonder. Isn't the Pacific cooler than the Asiatic seas at this time of year? it is asked. For one little thing, the trip across the continent would kill the Admiral and some of his officers. If he hurried to New York by way of Suez, he would arrive in the hot weather, with officers and men tired out by the labors of the voyage. At this season the monsoon is blowing from the Northwest. This makes a breeze for any

vessel going in that direction and leaves one going in the opposite direction in a dead calm.

"These fine fellows," the Admiral said, with an inclination of his head toward a group of Jackies. "who have been as patient as they are brave, need a rest at once. They need not wait for it until they reach home. They shall have it on the way—ten knots an hour and a long halt wherever we stop for coal, particularly for the sake of the fire crew. The Mediterranean is an old stamping ground of mine, though scarcely any of my officers have been there. I know how they will enjoy it. The balmy air of the Mediterranean is the very thing to bring back their strength. It may seem a little warm in August to people from the North, but it will be cool to us who have had our blood thinned by the tropics."

Curiosity as to the ports the Admiral will visit is not satisfied on the flagship. The officers say that he has some good idea in mind in keeping back the information, as he has in all he does. They will not say that is to make sure that no receptions will be prepared for him. Certain it is that the *Olympia* is going to Hong Kong to have the tropical beard shaved off her bottom. Then she will be coaled and painted, which, in all, will take about two weeks. She must stop at Singapore and Colombo for coal.

Moreover, he did say to me that he hoped to visit Alexandria, Naples, Trieste and the Piræus, for he is very fond of Greece.

Two-thirds of the army had never seen the Admiral. Those of the two-thirds on leave or on the convalescent list made haste to repair wasted opportunities. The remainder wondered what explanation they would make to their friends at home for not having seen the greatest sight of Manila, Dewey. For taking the trouble you might have seen the Admiral when he came ashore at the quay in front of the office of the Captain of the Port, or you might have seen him as his carriage sped past in the streets. For he rarely missed his daily drive. That and the siesta after his luncheon, to which he accustomed himself, kept him strong enough for his duties. He had a great deal of work to do even after he had solved his famous three simple propositions. Perhaps, though, you don't know what these simple propositions were, at least as we understood them. I will risk repeating them. After the simple proposition of running the mines and sinking the enemy's fleet, there came the news of Camara's departure for Manila to try to win back

what Montojo had lost. The Admiral called Captain Lamberton into his cabin.

"It's my opinion that Camara would return," he said, "if the United States should make a retreat on the coast of Spain. I am thinking of sending a cablegram to the Navy Department making the suggestion. What is your idea?"

"Do," the Captain replied.

The Admiral sat down to his desk and wrote. Then, just as he was going to pull the bell to bring his orderly, he had a second thought.

"But I'm afraid," he added, "that suggestions to the Navy Department made half way round the world, come with rather poor taste. The Department has its plans and I would better attend to my own business."

"You have to fight him when he does come," said the Captain, quickly. "You have done enough, I should think, to make your advice of a little value."

So the Admiral pressed the bell for the orderly. Camara might well thank for him for it; also Spain. He left her enough ships for a nest egg for a new navy. After sending the cablegram, the Admiral began to prepare for Camara in case he should come.

He had a quiet little talk with General Anderson

who was commanding the troops that had just arrived.

"Supposing I should sail out of the bay for a few days, what could your force do to take care of itself until my return?" he asked the General.

"Take thirty days' rations to the mountains," was the reply, "dig trenches and be perfectly safe and comfortable."

"Very well; that is what you will have to do in case Camara comes," said the Admiral. "In order to be on equal terms with him I need that flatiron which is on its way across the Pacific. She will not be here until after the date which we estimate to be that of Camara's possible arrival. I shall sail eastward to meet the Monterey, and having met her shall return to meet the enemy."

The third simple proposition was German interference. There is no disputing facts, and sometimes there is no disputing appearances. Prince Henry of Prussia is a good friend of ours—now. So is Admiral Von Diedrichs. Likewise, by-gones are by-gones. History is likely to find in appearances indisputable evidence that the Germans came to Manila, perhaps not to make us trouble, but to be in a good position to help us out of the Philippines in case we should get into trouble ourselves. Else why

should they send a squadron as large as our own to protect a dozen little German merchants in a small way of business in Manila and make enemies of the Power to whose tender mercies they were soon to be submitted? Why should they have taken away the whole squadron when it became apparent that we had whipped Spain in the Western seas and could take care of ourselves in the Eastern seas, leaving the interests of these dozen German merchants entirely in our hands after a passage of compliments? But let her have the benefit of the doubt, of the appearance of self-denial. The Kaiser was just as ambitious for a Colonial Empire, and the Philippines were just as rich when his squadron returned to My Brother, the Prince, as when it came. This period was an anxious one for the Admiral. With a word he could have carried out the desire of his officers and men; he could have justifiably placed our nation at war with two nations instead of one. After bearing with the Germans with patience nothing short of magnificent, he did let Admiral Von Diedrichs know that the limit was reached. Admiral Von Diedrichs went to Sir Edward Chichester for advice. Sir Edward replied that only Admiral Dewey and himself knew what would happen if the situation came to the worst. This was very

diplomatic of Sir Edward. He said at another time that if he had been in the Admiral's place he would not have asked the Irene to come back; he would have gone after her with eight-inch shells. Sir Edward ought to ride up Broadway at the same time as the Admiral. We could not do too much for him, considering what he has done for us. The Admiral, however, paid him a little of his reward on account on the spot. Upon the arrival of fresh mutton from Australia he signalled to him to send alongside and get enough for a ration for his whole crew. The Germans got none.

"I have walked the decks many nights," the Admiral said to General Greene, shortly afterward. "Now I shall let the army do the worrying."

He did up to a certain point, as he had no more simple propositions to deal with. But he was in command of the Asiatic Squadron in all that pertains to the name up to the moment that he left Manila. This was routine of an exacting order enough in a temperate climate. In a climate as trying as that which was the lot of the North Atlantic Squadron off Santiago he bore the strain as well as any officer on board. His thirteen months in Manila was a test for any man of his age, however vigorous. Seeming to do everything with the consum-

mate ease of an artist drawing a line, he is, as a matter of fact, a nervous New England American with an enormous capacity for details. It is because he has thought things out beforehand, those who know him best say, that his decisions come quickly and easily when they are needed. His air of ease made it a little difficult for his club friends in Washington to understand how he had become a great man; his punctiliousness about the little things of life led them to think he was not deep; his neat appearance led them to think he was fond of dress. He is a handsome man with a manner which would make him look well in blue jeans. He preferred the corner at the club; he read a great deal; he never delivered discourses on fleet evolutions, for so neat a man must find it rather cumbersome to carry his mind on his sleeve. I should say that he would make a good explanation of how he did anything if he were to try to make the explanation at length. He acts upon the mass of details at his finger-ends with the instinct of genius. Indeed, genius is the word which his officers use whenever they speak of him as a commander. He has the capacity of a Farragut and a Nelson for great situations, that vital spark which turns a good commander into a great one.

"Quick judgment!" said one of his officers. "It is that which makes him a continual revelation to us. Without it one may command a vessel, even a squadron, well in time of peace. In war, after organization, it is everything. Often he gives orders which seem very unreasonable at the time. After two or three days we begin to see some reason in them. In a month they turn out to be right. That gives you such confidence that you would go against anything under his command. The Jackies think, if they had the Admiral on the bridge, they could fight a battleship with the unarmored Olympia."

"I don't want to be called up by the old man, thank you," is one of the watchwords of the Olympia.

"He goes at you like a Colt's automatic, I'm told—I'm told, you understand," said an ensign. "He rakes you up and down, fore and aft and athwart in a breath. He puts facts before you in a little hurricane of words because he has bided his time. They come in a way that makes you see how careless you have been and you couldn't say a word back if you had the privilege. But all the while you have a feeling of safety down in your boots. You know that nobody will

ever know a word of what he has said to you unless you tell it yourself. It is all between him and you. If a man from your own town should visit the ship an hour afterward he would volunteer the information that you were one of the best officers in the service. So far as the outside world is concerned, every officer and man in the squadron is an officer and a man to be proud of. Family affairs are kept in the family.

"The best and greatest feature about the old man is his heart. We would love him for that if he hadn't such a great head. After he has called you down he feels sorry about it—afraid he has been too harsh—afraid he has hurt your feelings—and before many hours pass he will come up to you on deck and make some kindly remark that puts everything right, or you hear how he has been directing that you have leave for a little holiday. He is naturally on the side of the weak. So far as his friends go, it does not make any difference whether you are a lieutenant or a general. If he likes you, that settles it."

"Heart!" said "Jim," the coxswain, "heart! I know I've been under as many different commanders as I've got fingers and toes. Heart! Don't care who comes! This'll be a damn sight different ship

when he's gone. It's him that keeps things oiled down here where things ain't made to go right. Liver? Oh, Ombray, it ain't never so bad he can't drop a word to the men. Don't his eyes twinkle when there's a dozen of us hold of a rope and he gives us a jolly about how easy 'tis for one fellow out of a dozen to let on he's pullin' when he ain't. Liver? I'd like to know what man in his place wouldn't have snapped old Purdy off so short his hair would 'a' stood on end. Oh, Ombray, but think of the nerve of Purdy! Mugging right back on to the sacred after-deck as if he expected to be taken into council when the Admiral was busy with plans the day before the fight. 'Well,' said the Admiral, looking up, 'What is it you want, Purdy?' Purdy didn't want nothing except to give the Admiral some advice. 'I hope, Admiral,' says he, 'you ain't goin' agin the Spaniards on the third of May. Last fight I was in was on the third of May and the rebs licked us to a standstill.' Instid of ordering Purdy pitched into the sea for his impudence for talking that way, let alone going on the after-deck, the Admiral laughed and says, 'Don't you worry, Purdy. We're going to fight on the first.' Then Purdy saluted and strutted back to the fo'c'stle. I didn't know but

he 'd ask for nineteen guns and say he was Secretary of the Navy."

Since becoming a public character, Purdy is of a more retiring nature. He now tries to deny that he ever gave the Admiral advice and that he ever said:

"To hell with breakfast! Let's finish the job."

If the men enjoyed no entertainments ashore, the Admiral enjoyed none. He never went to dinners or gave them in the period between the taking of the city and the outbreak of the rebellion, although social gatherings were frequent among the officers' families and officers. "Ombray," wore evening dress.

He kept himself in careful training, as it were, so that he should be able to bear the physical strain of as long a vigil as his country's interests should require. "I must watch out for myself and keep well, as well as the men," as he put it. "I'm a part of the fleet." There is now the fear that, the great incentive for keeping well having passed, there may be a reaction.

He rose invariably at five and walked on the deck for a little time in the cool of the morning. At night he rarely slept more than five or six hours, these not continuously. If he awoke he could not lie still; he arose and walked or played with his pet dog "Bob," who always sleeps in his room.

This Chinese "chow" dog, whom the Admiral found a vagrant in a foreign land and adopted, has the run of the flagship. He is a ball of fur, with a wolfish nose and his tail bent over his back, perpetually on the salute. There was a time in Southern China when they ate all such dogs as "Bob." Now they eat only those that they cannot sell to foreigners for pets. Before "Bob" came, "Sagasta," a native pig, washed every day and shaved once a week, was the Olympia's only mascot.

He resents "Bob's" presence and is still mascot by right of might.

"Bob," the Admiral says seriously to him, "I think that your ancestors were Esquimaux. You are quite like them, except in color. Probably your great grandfather and great grandmother were tanned brown in their migration southward."

"Bob" always went ashore with the Admiral in the barge, and while the Admiral was driving, Robinson, the orderly of the barge, took "Bob" for a walk; or "Bob" took Robinson. At any rate, it meant shore leave for Robinson; also a good deal of exercise.

Between the Admiral and the world stood Mr. Brumby. If you would see the Admiral you must see him. He is quiet, suave and punctilious—a

Dewey kind of flag-lieutenant. The Admiral adopted many of his suggestions for the plan of the battle of Manila. It was he who raised the American flag over the city on the thirteenth of August. He has had the great privilege of working under Dewey as Dewey had under Farragut. The time may come when he, in turn, will perpetuate the Farragut school. If any one knew the Admiral's plans, Mr. Brumby knew them. You might be sure that he would give them out either to the other officers or to civilians unless it was meet and proper that they should be given out. Lieutenant Caldwell stood between the Admiral and the Post Office. The Admiral does little or no writing with a pen. He dislikes sitting long at a desk. There were times, perhaps, when Mr. Brumby thought that he was not a great success as a flag-lieutenant and when Mr. Caldwell thought that he was not a great success as a private secretary. They should hear what the Admiral said behind the backs of these members of his family.

"Mr. Caldwell has a great gift for composition," I heard him say once. "I tell him what I want said and he says it a great deal better than I could say it. For the letters and cables to the Depart-

ment, which seem to have given great satisfaction, I have to thank him."

"Without telling tales out of school," says the secretary with a knowing smile, "I must say that I write precisely what the Admiral tells me to write. I know better than to write anything else. He is very particular about the wording of his letters to the Department."

Stepping out of his cabin the Admiral is on the after, or poop, deck, which is reserved to him and to Captain Lamberton. Overhead was the double thickness of awning which covered all the decks, with side awnings drawn down to keep the glare of the sun off. At sunset the awnings were removed to admit the evening breeze. Here in a comfortable cane chair he was away from his shop and he read the newspapers and whatever new books he could get from home or dropped them for old books that he had read again and again. The shelf in his cabin is packed with works of history and good novels.

As a rule the Admiral went for his drive in the cool of the afternoon, just after his siesta, though occasionally in the early morning. He has been known to call on generals out on the lines before they were up. It is a mile or more from the Olym-



ADMIRAL DEWEY ASHORE AT MANILA
“THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING PHILIPPINE COACHMAN WAS
THE PROUDEST MAN IN THE ISLAND”

From photograph taken by the author

pia to the mouth of the Pasig with its stone quays and its swarms of native cascos. The barge with four stars on her bow and the Admiral's flag flying from her stern made the journey in about the time a casco took to cross the stream. His Filipino coachman, with as fast a pair of ponies as there was in Manila—the Admiral never drove at a walk—waited for him in the shade of the trees by the office of the Captain of the Port. As soon as the barge hove in sight it was the signal for Lieutenant Braunersreuther, who is Captain of the Port, to go down to the landing place to receive the Admiral and for the coachman to stiffen upon his box and follow with the carriage. The Admiral and Mr. Braunersreuther passed the time of day. He asked the Admiral if there was anything he could do for him. There seldom was. A newspaper correspondent maybe, or someone else who wished to speak with him then stepped up and had his say, always receiving a cheerful response. Then the Admiral told the coachman where he would go and he was off. He returned by six or half past—just at dusk—so as to be on board in time to comply with the rule made by the Admiral himself that all officers must be aboard by seven. He seldom drove alone. Either Mr. Bruni-

by, Captain Lamberton, Captain Barker or some other officer of his squadron accompanied him. He is fond of company, but not of a crowd. After we had taken the waterworks from the Filipinos his favorite course lay in that direction. He preferred a clipping gait along a road in the country or the suburbs to the music of the regimental band on the Luneta where the headquarters' officers and their wives drove around and around the promenade. Convalescent sick and wounded privates on foot and the remaining Spanish officers in seated groups, clacking away with many gesticulations as they explained why "it happened," added picturesqueness to the scene. He sometimes passed by the Luneta on his return but never stopped. It was not in his nervous nature to be a part of a slow moving procession, which is precisely suited to old General Rios who still hangs on and has his usual Sunday morning confab with General Otis over trifles.

The last few times that the Admiral came ashore there was always a little gathering of the convalescent soldiers, thin, tall, pale, their blue shirts and kharkee breeches hanging loose on wasted torsos and limbs, who wanted a glimpse of the great man before he went away. Their comrades who were

well, and some who were not well, were at the front. Once they raised a little cheer. It was the first time that the man who was going home to hear the hosannas of seventy million people had been directly applauded in the history of his command of the Asiatic Squadron. He looked up with surprise and pleasure, smiled and raised his cap.

"Magnificent fellows," the ever-human Admiral would exclaim, when he saw a man with his arm in a sling. "They haven't their equal in the world. May every one of them get well and strong again. Our country can't do too much for them."

They said:

"Against expansion or for it, you must believe in Dewey. You've only to look at him to see that he's all right—to see that he's great, broad, simple, strong."

They thought, and sometimes they said:

"Lord, if there were only more Deweys in high places!"

If he was ever led to speak of his victory, he never failed to add "and not a man killed. That was the best thing about it." (This from the man whose nature is such that he would fight his ship to the last gun and the last man.) The capture of Lieutenant Gilmore and his men affected him very

deeply. He took the keenest interest in every little movement of the troops; and his first question of everybody who went aboard was for news. When General McArthur told him of the good work that his own Lieutenant Davis, of the *Helena*, had done with the Colt's Automatic in the advance on Malolos, the lights in the eyes of the proud father of the family danced.

"I have been watching that young man," he said, with one of his good smiles, "and I think that young man will get promotion."

During the time between the announcement of his departure and his going, the envoys of the Filipinos made their overtures for peace which, for the moment, seemed to promise a speedy close of the war. This made these last few days especially happy for him.

Meanwhile, the news had been spread that all who wished to go aboard the *Olympia* were welcome. The Jackies were at home to their friends of the army. I noticed two brothers, one a sergeant of regulars, and the other a petty officer, chatting for an hour or more. The Sergeant's regiment had just arrived. He was not to see his brother again until his term of three years' tropical service had expired. In the meantime he was taking his

chances against Filipino bullets. It often happens that men in the navy have been in the army. One of the Olympia's mail orderlies, for example, served two enlistments in a cavalry regiment.

As the Olympia was to sail on Saturday, the Admiral paid his social calls on Friday. He also went to General Otis's office for a meeting of the President's Commission. If you would know what happened there you need not go to the Admiral. It was in the family, you see. Such things will become the property of the corridors of Headquarters, notwithstanding. The General seemed to think the navy was getting too much credit. Correspondents were required to state explicitly that the improvised gunboats on the lakes and the rivers were in charge of army officers. A cablegram vised by the Admiral must pass through the censor's hand. General Otis had bought the fleet of gunboats which the Spaniards had used to patrol the islands, losing most of the guns to the Filipinos in the transaction. Now the General proposed to put these in charge of soldiers and have a little navy of his own. One day when he was having steam got up in one of his gunboats, the Admiral, they say, wrote to the General a little letter saying that it would become his duty to seize as a menace

to navigation any vessel flying the American flag which did not recognize the commander of our force in the Asiatic seas. The General banked the fires on his gunboat.

Pin pricks will eventually draw the blood even of a great man. Thursday morning the straightforward seaman sat facing the bureaucrat across his desk. Some pin prick passed through the Admiral's affability into a nerve. A dozen sharp, short sentences raked the General fore and aft and athwart. The General was in the position of the Ensign. If he had anything to say, he did not know how to say it. In fine, when the Admiral bides his time, as he usually does, he does not leave the enemy many loopholes. The General does not believe in rapid fire guns. He must know now how a Filipino in a trench feels, as he pulls off his shirt for a white flag, when a stream of lead from one is being played over the top of it.

The Admiral came out of the General's office as affable as ever. He inquired after the mother of a second lieutenant whom he knew, as he shook hands with him, spoke to others and passed on down the stairs to his carriage. Bland Mr. Schurman seemed to be in the state of mind of one who was trying to reconcile sunshine and

a tornado. Yesterday morning the General went aboard the Olympia at seven. He excused himself for being so early because he was such a busy man. If the Admiral was not up he would not disturb him. Mr. Brumby replied that the Admiral had been up for two hours, as was his custom. At ten the Admiral went ashore and was smiling when he entered General Otis's office to return the call and smiling when he came out. Then he said good-bye to that once vain, but now dejected, brown being, his Filipino coachman. While he was at luncheon his barge was lashed aboard. He was not to set foot on the soil of the Philippines again.

Every available steam launch, and they were not numerous, had been engaged for the afternoon. At three o'clock the Admiral was the center of a little group of friends who had come to pay their respects. They were naval men, soldiers and civilians who knew him personally; and, finally, the newspaper correspondents, who tried not to be unduly troublesome and who loved him. In return for their good wishes he wished them good of Manila while they remained. He was in the gay mood of one who is putting the sea between himself and care.

"Am I delighted?" he exclaimed, "delighted at the thought of going after having been thirteen months in this bay? Why, I can really claim to have been the most loyal of all. When the *Olympia* was sent to Hong Kong to be docked I simply transferred my flag and had Manila still on my horizon. Mr. Brumby"—turning to the Flag-Lieutenant—"had a trip to Hong Kong at another time. And I believe you were homesick to return, eh?"

"No, sir," was the reply of the Flag-Lieutenant, who, in common with Mr. Caldwell, takes a certain amount of chaff from the Admiral every day as a part of his official duties.

"Delighted!" the Admiral continued; "words cannot express my delight."

The Admiral had done his part when he set the hour for weighing anchor. There was no bustle in the final preparations. There never is on the *Olympia*, and never has been since the Admiral took command of the Asiatic Squadron. Everything is clockwork with muffled ticks. Captain Lamberton makes the management of a cruiser seem so easy that you think you could take charge of one yourself. All he does, so far as I can see, is to say do this and that, and this and that are done. He

does not pretend to be a magician. He is only the Admiral's kind of a naval officer.

After all we were witnessing only the return of a family party from a somewhat inhospitable if not a foreign land to pie, beefsteaks and catarrh. No member, consequent or inconsequent, was absent. Isaac Rask, able seaman serving his fourth enlistment, who was dying of consumption, asked not to be left behind at the hospital. The Admiral said "Certainly not," as if anyone did wrong to think of such a fate for a man who had fought under him. "Bob" and "Sagasta" were both aboard. The only disagreements in the family have been between them. Neither can yet understand the sense of having two mascots on one vessel. Their enmity has not been disastrous, for "Bob" has learned the object of fleet manœuvres and can dodge around an obstruction, leaving "Sagasta" to run his nose into the first obstacle in front of him without gaining any wisdom from the experience. Naval history records scarcely an instance where officers have dwelt together so long as those of the Olympia without any differences. It records none where tropical livers are concerned. The cause is found in Captain Lamberton's smile and the Admiral's methods.

As the bulk of steel called the Olympia responded to the turn of her screw, the Oregon and the Baltimore ripped out their salutes and manned their yards, and the Olympia replied in turn. The guns of the British Powerful also spoke; her band returned the Olympia's "God Save the Queen" with the "Star Spangled Banner;" her Jackies, en masse on the poop deck, gave a rousing cheer. Hamlet was gone, but one whom Hamlet had taught his lines, Captain Barker, remained.

Manila, May 21, 1899.

CHAPTER II.

HONG KONG.

Wherever there is coal for sale in the Far East, in mere recognition of the fact that he needs no interpreter, the American must look up to the flag flying over the fortress with a feeling of brotherly love. All British ports in the Far East are devoted to the Admiral; most of all is Hong Kong, both for reasons of self-interest, which are natural, and for reasons of sentiment, which are also natural.

Our occupation of the Philippines is to Hong Kong what the Klondyke was to the cities of Puget Sound. We have bought clothes and provisions of her merchants, and given her tramp steamers and adventurers work to do. It has been equally fortunate for her and for us that she had dry docks for the accommodation of the members of our Asiatic Squadron when they became foul, and foundries to make of the captured Isla de Cuba, Isla de Luzon and Don Juan de Austria serviceable gunboats under the Stars and Stripes. We don't thank her for her

Filipino Junta and she confesses to being ashamed of it.

The Admiral had mobilized his squadron in Hong Kong harbor in the early months of '98, when the trend of events began setting inevitably toward a conflict with Spain. Hong Kong saw little of him then. That little was of a quiet, retiring, affable commander, whose manners and address reflected credit on the service to which he belonged. He did not visit the Hong Kong Club, where official Hong Kong gathers, and officers of foreign, particularly American, men-of-war, are made at home. He remained aboard the *Olympia* and was very busy. Hong Kong understood well enough what he was expected to do. Things which had not reached the papers at home were no secret here. The young men of the club wanted him to make a dash into the Bay. The old men thought that a blockade was more conservative and likely. No one thought that he would get past the mines at the entrance of the bay without considerable loss. On the third Sunday of April the Governor told him that he would have to take his fleet out of the harbor.

"It's the orders from London. We have declared our neutrality," he added apologetically.

"If it's orders from London, of course," the Ad-

miral replied. "But war has not been declared yet."

So he sailed out to Mirs Bay, where he might await the word from Washington, while the Governor felt as if he had been impolite to a guest. He was glad of the opportunity for reparation which came a few months later when, although peace had not been declared, he allowed our vessels to be docked in Hong Kong on the ground that Spain, which had not a single man-of-war afloat in the Eastern seas, might enjoy the same privileges. Having seen the Admiral depart for battle with their godspeed, the rulers of Hong Kong had to wait thirteen months to congratulate him. I did not see him land, as it was impossible, owing to the connections between Hong Kong and Manila, to be present at his departure there and precede him on his arrival here. He had the customary Guard of Honor. Then the hospitality of Government House was placed at his disposal. If he had chosen, he could have dined out every night. As an explanation of his refusal of all invitations, he could refer every one to the southeast monsoon, which beats up the choppiest sea in the world for the distance. Combined with Spanish quarantine and the Spanish belief (not without reason) that anyone who visits the Philippines must either be mad or else have

some ulterior purpose, it made Manila the last place for the globe trotter to include in his itinerary. There is nothing like a monsoon to stir up any stomach in the same body with a tropical liver and bid it take a rest. The Admiral's was no exception. So he did not go to Government House.

Fifteen hundred feet above Hong Kong is the Peak. Along macadamized paths between the two are the villas of the rulers who have transformed Hong Kong from a barren rock to a scene of tropical beauty. They live on from day to day in the hope of spending their old age in England or in Scotland on a pension, and ride back and forth to office or barracks in rickshaws drawn by coolies, chairs borne by coolies, or by the funicular railway up the hillside which has saved them the expense of sending their wives to Japan for the summer by making the Peak as accessible as the top story of a building with an elevator. Physicians have come to speak of the Peak as Dr. Peak. The funicular railway takes you from an enervating to a health-giving atmosphere. When it is as steamy in Hong Kong as it is in New York on the worst August days, a cool mist hangs over the Peak, or a breeze is blowing there.

The Admiral was pleased rather than disappointed

to find that he would have to walk up two pairs of stairs, after stepping out of the elevator, in order to get to the one vacant room in the Peak hotel.

"The climb will do me good," was his remark.

It was a day of alternate mists and sunshine when I went to him here to get certain information which I knew that he alone could supply authoritatively. Naturally I feared that I should disturb him.

"Not at all," he said. "I have been reading all the morning. My eyes are tired. I am glad of the opportunity of a chat. You can see that I have enough to read," he added, pointing to his steamer trunk, which was piled high with letters and newspapers. "For the moment I have been reading a pamphlet against anti-expansion which came in the latest mail. It is very well written and interesting."

The two hours which I spent with him here will remain with me as the pleasantest impression of a great man I have ever had. Before this when I had seen him he had been on duty. Now he was out of harness. For the first time I saw him dressed as a civilian. In a plain gray suit he was very much the well-groomed, well-to-do business man who was spending his vacation in a manner pleasing to one of quiet tastes. Already Dr. Peak's prescriptions were

working. There was color in his cheeks. The air of the heights was wine to lungs that had been breathing tropical heat. He had left the window open, and was sitting by the casement. A burst of mist was suddenly blown in upon our heads.

"I like it, if you don't mind," he said. "It is so cool and fresh. I don't know of any greater contrast than this and the Bay of Manila, though I am told that we shall find equally pleasant places where our soldiers and sailors can recruit once we have the mountains of Luzon. All I have to do is to breathe this air, to read, to walk and talk. It's glorious! For the first time in fifteen months I have slept ashore. You cannot imagine the delight of the change. I slept aboard while we were here before; I slept aboard all the time we were in Manila. The men I could not permit to have shore leave for reasons which everybody knows. I required the officers to be aboard by seven in the evening. For the sake of example I was always aboard at seven myself. I didn't want the men to think that the old man couldn't obey his own orders."

His field glasses were lying on the casement. When the mist cleared away he picked them up and looked down to the harbor lying fifteen hundred feet below us.

"I can see my Olympia quite plainly from here," he said. "How well her lines show up! They are as fine as a yacht's."

"She is your yacht for present purposes," I suggested."

"So she is. We are journeying at our leisure and without hindrance or call. We have some advantages over a yacht. For example, most private yachts have not quite so much prestige, have they?" he exclaimed with a characteristic smile and toss of his head. "I remember that President Cleveland said to me once when he was serving his second term that the commander of an American man-of-war on the European station occupied about as fine a position as was in the gift of his countrymen."

"And the Olympia has certain advantages over the ordinary man-of-war."

"Ah, possibly, possibly," with another toss of his head. "I shall be glad when she is white again," he continued. "She is beautiful then."

She was now the color of brick in transformation from that of war to that of peace.

The sight of the bay must have brought back recollections of the day when he was still quite unknown outside of official circles, and the Secretary

of the Navy was fearful lest the commodore out in Hong Kong was not the right man in the place.

"It is thirteen months since we left the harbor, and Mrs. Harris has known for more than twelve months what we were here for," he said, as he sat down. "That is an old story. Mrs. Harris is the wife of our Consul at Nagasaki. When the fleet was there in January, '98, she asked what need we had for so many vessels in these distant waters. I told her that the United States had a growing commerce in the Far East which needed protection; that now and then the rights of a missionary or of one of our citizens who was not a missionary were subverted; and, again, that nations had been known to go to war. At the time I was convinced that an outbreak of hostilities with Spain was inevitable. After our occupation of Manila Bay I had occasion to write to the Consul, and incidentally I asked if Mrs. Harris now knew why the United States had a fleet in Asiatic waters. He replied, 'Yes, and so do seventy million other Americans.'

"I have always been in favor of an Asiatic squadron, but not of a European squadron. I have been on the European station three times, and on the way home, as we shall go leisurely from port to port, I

shall renew old acquaintanceships. I shall recall to the Queen of Greece what she said when I was at the Piræus with the Pensacola.

“‘Captain,’ she said, ‘the next time we meet I hope to see you a full Admiral.’

“Once I jokingly told a superior officer that I had at last found out the object of our European squadron’s existence. Every man on board had either a sweetheart or a wife, and our occupation was to go from port to port in order to get their letters. When Mr. Tracy was Secretary of the Navy, I remember once, while dining with him in Washington, he mentioned that he was bothered a great deal in determining exactly what to do with the vessels even of our little navy. I told him that in my opinion our men-of-war should be kept at home, where we should need them in case of war. Beside the squadrons of the European powers in European waters our squadron is insignificant. We shall have no cause to make war, and we could not make war with a European power in her own waters. Afterward, the European squadron was withdrawn, though I have no cause to think that this was because of my advice.”

The sunlight broke the mist and streamed into the room.

"I like that, too," said the Admiral. "It's just enough to be appreciated after the little gloom. If you don't mind, I will not lower the curtain."

"I like it, too," I replied.

That is, I particularly liked it for bringing the Admiral's fine features into such bold relief. I was reminded of the face of Farragut which St. Gaudens has represented so wonderfully in the statue which stands in Madison Square, New York. There is about Dewey's eyes the same keen, good-humored, open expression which is found in the sailor who is used to looking straight toward the horizon but rarely in the landsman who squints at the turning of the road or the street. He is proud of his eyesight. With the young men of his staff and Captain Lamberton looking at the same time, he was the first to see the appearing and disappearing fleck of white of the flag—it was being blown toward the fleet by the wind—which indicated that the city of Manila surrendered to the power of the United States. His eyes smile even when his strong chin closes up under his heavy white mustache in a positive "no." His eyes smiled when he told his officers that they might bring their wives to Manila but that if they did it was no guarantee of shore leave. His nose is as fine as his chin. It is New

England Saxon from its tip to his eyebrows. If it were not for his high forehead it would seem a little large. It is a forehead that as surely goes with the philosopher as his nose and chin go with the man of action.

If you are interested in the expression of the Admiral's eyes, you always make it a point to bring Farragut into the conversation. I did. They sparkled and he tossed his head a little as if he sniffed sea spray.

"I'm of Farragut's school," he said, with the pride of a Greek who had sat at the feet of Socrates. "I was only a midshipman, but I used to overhear a great many of his remarks and I did not forget them. A favorite expression of his was, 'You may be a little bit anxious yourself, but don't forget that the enemy may be even more anxious. He is ignorant of your resources as you are of his; as likely to over-estimate them. Your first aggressive move is certain to put him on the defensive. Seek him out and strike him.'"

"Always, Admiral?"

"Well," laughing, "not if you have a cruiser and he has a squadron. The error of too much discretion is more common than that of too little at sea. The English have always gone to the ports

of the enemy. Nelson struck the enemy first and forced him to fight according to Nelson's plans. Drake sailed out to meet the Armada, although outnumbered. If ever a man practiced his theories and proved them it was Farragut."

Then he spoke of the Spaniards, putting the essence of their tactics in the war in a nutshell:

"Nations act according to their true nature in great crises. You could scarcely expect the nation which was once the mistress of almost all Europe and had been continually yielding, continually on the defensive for two hundred years to take the offensive in a war to preserve what she possessed."

His officers say that if he had had charge of the naval strategy of the North Atlantic, we should not have been guarding the coast of Maine.

"The men who met him at the club," as one put it, "no more realized the fire in him than his neighbors saw a general in Ulysses Grant as he passed the time of day with them from the eminence of a pile of cordwood going in to St. Louis."

Possibly the same vital influences which make nations true to their character in the greatest tests also make a nation's great men a type of its character. As thoroughly as Bismarck was of Germany, the

Admiral is typical of the United States. You can conceive of him only as an Admiral of the United States Navy. He is the essence of that democracy and that generous civility to his fellowmen which is the basis of our institutions. He is the first commander of the Asiatic squadron who dispensed with the piping of the sides when he went ashore or came aboard. After Farragut, Lincoln seems to be his favorite hero. He is as likely to turn aside from a man of high position and speak to the plain man of the streets, as Lincoln was.

"I have just been reading some of Lincoln's letters this morning," he said, picking up a current magazine. "I suppose I have read them before. At all events, they are as good as new. What matters is the suggestions you get out of them. You never lay down anything about Lincoln without having gained something by it. Here is his letter in response to Hooker's plea for a military dictatorship in order to bring the war to a speedy end. Lincoln tells him that it is military successes that make dictatorships and not the other way around. He is reminded that if he will win military success the President will take care of the dictators. Aguinaldo will soon learn this truth. He cannot keep his army together unless he wins battles."

We came to speak at some length of affairs in the Philippines, past and present.

"There is a general opinion at home that if you had been made Governor-General things would have gone more to our liking," I suggested.

"There have been Admirals who were Governors-General. They made very good ones, I'm told," he said, with that little toss of his head, and almost an expression of regret coming into his fine countenance.

"As you are not to be Governor-General, some say that you may be President. If you said the word—"

He put up his hands as if he were warding off a blow.

"You know I am a full Admiral," he said. "The navy is my profession and my love. I have all that I desire."

"But if the country demanded it?"

"I have been in the navy all my life. Politics is not my school. Why should I want to begin a new career when I have reached the summit of the one which I have chosen?"

As he laid the magazine back on the trunk some of the pile of letters fell off. He had picked them up before I had the chance. In Manila he received as many as three hundred letters in a single mail. Most

of them were from admiring fellow-countrymen and women who wanted to express to him their admiration for something he had said or done, or were naming a baby after him. Some had axes to grind, with the handles fairly sticking out of the envelopes.

"One was sent addressed simply, 'Our George, Manila,' " he said. "I got it too. That speaks pretty well for our mail service to the Philippines, considering the length of time we have been there."

"The mail service is good, but I wouldn't consider the incident as being much testimony," I suggested. "As soon as a postal clerk—an American postal clerk—caught sight of that address he would take pains to hurry the letter on to its destination."

"Perhaps he would," he said, as if surprised at his own popularity. "Perhaps the sender took the surest way of getting it to me. In Manila," he continued, "I had not the time and was not well enough to read much of my mail. I turned the letters over to Mr. Brumby and Mr. Caldwell. They answered all requiring an answer. Think of the extra work it put on their shoulders besides what usually falls to an Admiral's Flag-Lieutenant and Secretary, to say nothing of the climate and the confinement. They stood to it gallantly to the last moment.

They are fine fellows. I don't know what I should do without them. Have you seen Mr. Brumby? He is looking much better isn't he? He is having a holiday; and I am having a diversion reading some of the letters myself. I am enjoying them too."

He selected one from the lot.

"I have just received another from my little friend in Illinois. Our correspondence began shortly after the battle. She wrote a simple girlish letter saying how greatly pleased she was with what I had done. If she only had a button from my uniform she would be quite happy, she thought. I sent it to her. She sent me her photograph. So we have kept writing back and forth. She tells me now that she is going to school in the East this fall."

That young woman is more fortunate than certain persons of some importance in certain communities. Their letters, perhaps accompanied with letters of introduction, have been buried, handle and blade, in the waste paper basket. If you want a favor from the Admiral, unless you have a letter from Theodore Roosevelt or some old friend, it is best to go to the Admiral on your own merits.

"Will the quarantining of Eastern ports by the Egyptian Government in any way change the plans

of your return voyage?" This was the question I had come to ask him.

"It may prevent our landing at Alexandria. That will be a disappointment, as I wanted the officers and men to get a glimpse of Egypt."

"You are not worried about the possibility of any of the men contracting the plague here?"

"No. Not at all. I have just been speaking with one of the medical officers of the British army here on that point. He says that Europeans who are cleanly rarely ever contract it—never if they keep away from the native quarters. Before they got their leave, Captain Lamberton made a little speech warning them of the consequences of visiting the native quarters. That was enough. Their behavior has been the subject of compliments on all sides. The navy of to-day is not the navy of yesterday. Eighty per cent. of our men are native born. Our seaman of to-day has self-respect. He is by far the best paid and best cared for of any in the world. He is the product of our common schools at home. In his intelligence as much as in any other factor we place our trust. If one man falls he does not wait for orders, he goes on with that man's work. He would not hesitate in the performance of his duties if an officer fell. In case

of necessity he could take the officer's place. He can adapt himself to circumstances. Finally, he knows that the country is back of him. When he has survived his usefulness it pensions him liberally. The conduct of my boys on leave has been worthy of their employer, our country. I expected nothing else.

"You see I had the advantage of previous experience with them which was the basis of my confidence. Before going into a battle you always expect a certain number of desertions. A man may be a very good sailor in time of peace and yet suddenly conclude to get out of the service without the formality of waiting for his discharge when he comes face to face with the possibility of death or misery and wounds. In all the time we were preparing to go to Manila we had only one desertion. This unhappy fellow is now under arrest at Shanghai and is to be tried by courtmartial."

Our conversation had drifted from one subject to another until we had spoken on many subjects, as often happens when your talk is the talk of diversion and not of effort. We had spoken of Washington as well as Lincoln; and we had disagreed a little. The heart of the punctilious Admiral went out to the rail-splitter more than to the

punctilious country squire. Incidentally he happened to mention his conviction that Washington did not write his farewell address.

"Not the matter?" I asked.

"Yes; the ideas were his; but the form and diction—he had one of you writers to assist him in that."

"I think that the diction is very largely his. The amanuensis, at least, was inspired by his diction and merely put in the punctuation and had some regard for correctness of form. But these are comparatively little things—the scaffolding."

"Still, I believe he had a Mr. Brumby or a Mr. Caldwell."

I recalled what the Secretary had said about the despatches to the Navy Department, but I did not repeat it to the Admiral. (You see I did not want to make him vain.) He has the tact of saying things in a manner which we call very "pat." That is the basis of diction, after all.

When I arose to go he accompanied me to the door.

"I suppose you will be at home long before I am," he said.

"A few days perhaps if the proper connections can be made from Gibraltar after you leave there.

I am ordered to keep as near to the Olympia as I can. As you are going slowly I expect to be able to precede you from port to port in passenger steamers."

"Then I will give you the hint that we shall leave here next Tuesday and arrive at Singapore on the following Monday morning. I was sorry there was no room on board for you on the homeward voyage. One officer is sleeping in the wardroom now. We had many applications from correspondents and must serve all alike."

"I shall easily beat you to Singapore. The French Mail is faster."

"Not if we should let the Olympia out. But if we did the crew would have no holiday," he added.

Lieutenant Hobson, in charge of the reconstructing of the gunboats in the Kowloon docks, was also living at the Peak. He sometimes accompanied the Admiral on his walks along the paths on the summit. After dinner and after luncheon, when the weather was pleasant, the Admiral sat on the hotel piazza, which faces the open sea and affords a magnificent view of the sunsets, and chatted with whatever guest happened to sit next him. It is needless to say what reply this simple American made to the invitation of a cad in New York who

wanted to give him a banquet at one hundred dollars a plate. It was a polite reply. Otherwise it would not have been the Admiral's.

Hong Kong, June 3.

CHAPTER III.

HONG KONG.

Everything is dated from the moment when leaves began. They began as soon as the Olympia was in dry-dock over in Kowloon; Kowloon being the second penalty—a penalty lying across the harbor from the first penalty—which the British exacted from the Chinese for misbehavior. (If trade keeps on improving they will have to exact a third penalty soon—hopefully, all China.) For the first time in months the Olympia's forecastle was all but deserted. In the wardroom, where, night after night, every officer had been present for dinner, only enough men to keep the watch appeared at table. To the wardroom officers were extended the hospitalities of the Hong Kong Club and of many private houses. The city belonged to the Jackies; particularly that portion of it which consists of rickshaw men. Possession, of course, involved purchase. Jacky had the "price." It bulged from the pockets of his blue trousers, which are tight

enough around the hips to make up for the prodigality of material at their bottoms, in the form of the dirty notes which the Hong Kong banks give you as an accommodation in order that you may get "dobe itch" rather than break your back carrying Mexican dollars about.

"Jim" Johnson kept his word. Purdy lived up to his new school of conduct, which avoids talking of the victory lest he shall be quoted in the newspapers. Everything turned out just as the Jackies expected, with the exception of the quality of elasticity in "dough." They spent it a little faster than they had intended. For that matter, the officers did. With Uncle Sam as your paymaster it is not such a serious thing if officer or man arrives in New York with his debts paid and only a small sum in his pocket. But, again, officers are supposed to have foresight where Jacky has none. They are saving their money for the Mediterranean trip; for Venice, Naples and Rome.

"Oh, Ombray, I'm glad I didn't go on the Raleigh," said "Jim" Johnson, as he came down the gangplank. "I'd have been home now and it would all be over. At the time I grumbled under my breath a lot. I couldn't see why we should be transferred over to the Olympia away from the ship we'd fought

with while our shipmates went on to eat pie and beefsteak. 'Tain't the first time I didn't know what I was talking about. Ombray, I've had just so much longer to look forward to the fun and it's still with me. But in a minute I'll be in it, in it, kiddies, in it."

As the liberty party—it was as large as the regulations would permit—lined up on deck the Jackies looked strong enough to go through another Philippine campaign. The stake was too big for any man to be careless about his uniform, and thereby stand a chance of being sent below to meditate over the fun his companions were having on shore. Captain Lamberton had good reason to worry lest some of these spick and span men in blue when they returned to the flagship would not only not be spick and span but would feel worse than if they had been in two Philippine campaigns. Despite their superiority as seamen, they were human. Think how you yourself would feel when you stepped foot on shore for the first time in six months with your pocket full of Mexican paper money that stuck its ends out asking to be spent. When the Russian sailors come in from a voyage of a month the Russian officers never think of sending them ashore without a patrol. If there is more than one Rus-

sian ship an extra force of police is called out. When the Russian sailor gets fighting drunk he begins to enjoy himself by hitting things human and trying to smash things that are not. In this stage the patrolmen stay his destroying hand as much as possible. In the second, or inanimate, stage they take him down to the boats, toss him in as if he were a bale of hay, and afterwards hoist him aboard. On special occasions the British sailors also require a patrol; the meek Southern races, which lack force as well as self-respect, never. The Olympia's men would have needed a guard if there had been any German sailors on leave at the same time.

Captain Lamberton had informed the authorities that his men would make no trouble. Their good behavior was nothing less than a matter of his keeping his word. He mentioned more than the honor of the ship to them. He put his request as coming from the Admiral. His speech seemed to impress the Jackies for the moment. The question that the officers asked as each Jacky, when his name was called, bolted for the gangway, was:

"How long will the impression last?"

With the exception of cases of temporary obscurement it lasted extremely well. I noticed one of the Jackies, who had drunk too much, suffering

great qualms of conscience between periods of great joy as he made for the quay. Whenever he swerved too far to the right or the left he would pull himself up and swing his body as if he were standing in a small boat in a choppy sea, and mutter to himself:

“Honor-s-s-s-ship! Promished Admiral.”

He was square-shouldered, lithe and vigorous. It did not require much stretch of one's scruples to forgive him.

“There's been a great change in the American navy in my time,” said a member of the Hong Kong Club. “I have been here for thirty years. This is one of the rendezvous for the navies of the world. We see their ships in dock, their officers at the clubs and their men in the streets. What strikes me most is the great improvement in your personnel. The behavior of these Jackies from the Olympia is an exception even to American crews. All I can make out of it is that service under the Admiral must turn your Jackies into gentlemen.”

Jacky did not once knock off a Sikh policeman's turban. If there could be any proof of the pudding it was this proof of self-abnegation. Considering a Jacky's privilege ashore, it is a wonder how he could resist knocking off at least one Sikh's turban

though he served under two Admirals. The Sikh is a born fighting man and six feet tall. He wears his hair long and curls his black beard in toward his cheeks. On his head are three or four yards of cloth in a wonderful roll. If you knock off the turban the three or four yards of cloth spin out on the ground and his hair falls down around his ears. To touch his turban is as much of an insult as to tweak the nose of a Georgia Colonel. Such was the pride of this king among Indian tribesmen that he at first made strong objections against going to a foreign land to be a policeman rather than a soldier. What he thought a Sikh ought to do in a foreign land was to slay the foreigner, loot the foreigner's house, and make the foreigner's wife a Mohammedan. As he understands history, the Englishman is the only man who ever whipped the Sikh. Therefore he respects the Englishman and is meek in his presence. When he is taught certain things that he must and must not do in order to be a good policeman in China he learns them. If he is told to bear taunts with patience and not to strike a white man in a round top coat and breeches big at the bottom he does not strike him. If he is told

to pick up his turban and say nothing when a sailor knocks it off he picks it up and says nothing. As a born fighting man he recognizes that Jacky has the advantage of him in the use of certain implements of warfare, and, accordingly, he looks upon Jacky as a superior being. If Jacky through the tricks of a boxer knocks off his cap too many times and his solemnity finally turns into rage, he calls for assistance and he and his fellows pick Jacky up and carry him away. All in all, the Sikh is a fine machine as long as you keep him oiled. The oil necessary is a mosque near his barracks and the privilege to wear his beard in curls. If the British denied him either or asked him to wear a helmet instead of a turban they would have a rebel on their hands as long as there was a Sikh alive. It is better to keep the machine oiled and have a fine and picturesque looking policeman at sixpence a day.

Some of the Olympia's men were on such good terms with the whole world that they talked to the Sikhs and tried to make them laugh. The Sikhs looked solemn and said nothing. They cannot appreciate a joke in a language they do not understand any better than anybody else.

Jacky was more successful in his approaches to

the rickshaw pullers. The rickshaw pullers pretended to understand anything he said. He understood it with a grin. He ran to meet him with a grin; and he grinned whenever Jacky spoke a word. Scores of rickshaw pullers met every liberty party at the quay. Jackies sitting in state in two-wheeled carriages—in strange contrast to the brown, bare-backed steeds who drew them—were dispersed in all directions. They went in pairs, in threes and fours, usually; but once I saw a dozen in line all flying out toward Happy Valley. If the people of New York want to make Jacky truly happy they can import some rickshaws for him to ride in up and down Broadway. Still, I think that I can say on high authority, as those wonderful beings the Continental journalists put it, that cabs will do very nicely as a substitute. The best provision against the plague was Jacky's own strong prejudice against filth which he develops aboard ship. He rode through the native quarters, held his nose and did not tarry. He visited the shops, which are nearly all Chinese. Under the impression that he wanted souvenirs to take home with him he paid the prices that the Chinese merchants asked for knickknacks. He rode up to the Peak on the funicular railway and made a sudden and reverential

salute if he met the Admiral out walking while he himself was being borne by two litter bearers.

The regular tariff of the rickshaw pullers is eight cents an hour. If you give them more your friends, the British law makers, will tell you that the Americans are spoiling Hong Kong with their liberality. When the Olympia came here from Manila to be docked Jacky had before him the prospect of another siege in the bay. He gave the rickshaw coolie a dollar when he discharged him. This time he had a twinge of economy; he wanted to keep a little money for Singapore and Colombo; and he gave the coolie only fifty cents. If he had given him five dollars the coolie, still thinking that Jacky was a fool who was in a hurry to be separated from his money, would have followed him with gestures and cries of complaint. Then Jacky might be profane, or he might be tender hearted and give the coolie more than was his due in the first place as a "tip." If an American man-of-war came to the harbor every week most of the rickshaw pullers would become compradores and rise to another social class. Jacky never gives the coolie any directions. The coolie understands that he wants to go fast until he is hungry and then go to a place where he can get something to eat. That is, where

he can get "chow." His experience on the Asiatic squadron has brought Jacky some words and expressions which will seem strange to his friends and relatives at home.

There are two big hotels in Hong Kong aside from the one up at the Peak. It has been a common thing this week for Jacky to sleep and eat in them. He has not put his knife into his mouth, nor has he, in all cases, tucked his napkin under his chin. He has not talked loudly, or in any way made himself obstreperous.. But no Jacky sought to go into the dining-room of the Peak Hotel. Everybody knew that the Admiral was there.

"We'd walk in on a ship's company of foreign admirals in a public hotel," said "Jim" Johnson, "but not our Admiral or the Captain. That's against the spirit of the service."

Tommy Atkins, of the garrison here, has been a partner in Jacky's joy. Tommy has spent what he had on the guest, and then the guest has paid the bills while the host showed him around. The basic relations of the dialects of a New York seaman and a cockney soldier are such that they can understand each other without much difficulty, especially when both are trying to use dignified language.

"It's a bloomin' shame we gets only a bob a day," said Tommy, "or we'd—w'at you call it?—blow you off 'andsome."

As the "pals" sat on the fence around the parade ground Tommy learned all about how the battle of Manila Bay was won.

This is the account of "Jim" Johnson, corrected up to date:

"We went into the bay as if we was afraid we'd wake the baby, and oh, Ombray, we was wide awake ourselves. We thought the dagoes would blow some of us up a-gettin' in, but they couldn't blow all of us up. It was kind of interestin' just to see which ship was going to draw the odd trick and miss the set-to. And when none of us was blowed up I said right off to the kiddies:

"'Spain ain't no maritime nation no more.'

"Ombray, if you can't set a contact mine these days you better get out your white bandanna and have it ready. They had set 'em in twenty fathoms. You might as well hang your clothes out in a rain-storm to be ironed. The fishes is still playing with them mines. George Dewey was a busy man and he couldn't spare the time to pick old iron off the bottom of the ocean. We run out over 'em when we come home. Kind o' sad, the foolishness

of them Spaniards thinking we was going to run aground in twenty fathoms to set off their mines, wa'n't it? George Dewey's a polite man, but he ain't so damned polite as that.

"I was disappointed. I wanted a scrap. It wa'n't nothing but sinkin' some derelicts. The dagoes was shooting back at us, but, oh, Ombray, they was shooting in the direction of Manila at the battle of Santiago. Every man to his game, and why should the Spaniard try to play it the same way we do? He didn't know that the only chance he had of hitting us was not to shoot at us. He kept on banging away aiming at us and going all around us till we sunk the whole outfit. Things had been a little noisier than target practice. That was all. We had some brains up on the bridge, Ombray. You make a big mistake if you leave that part out when you go into a fight. Brains keeps you from the sin of dying a brave death, and so you can go home, be called a hero and march under triumphal arches. Here we are without a scratch, strutting around and talking of the girls that's going to be marshalled up in squads of five to kiss when we get home, and not a Jack of us the worse for it, 'cepting one—must have a sou-vernir. And them poor Spaniards slipping round

in blood—twenty men killed by one shell—and shooting into the air and going hungry back to Spain to get cussed for being licked. They had it in their hearts but not in their heads. After the scrap, we just stayed on board, just stayed on board, by G—! The brains in the cabin knew what was needed, and we wasn't kicking."

Leaves do not last long, however. Jacky is scarcely allowed to play for more than two days at a time. Then he must go back to the ship and give his comrades, who have stood guard while he is away, a chance. He came ashore in the ship's boats and he went back to the ship, as a rule, with a Chinaman at the helm, while the Chinaman's wife left her children and her household duties in the bow of the boat to bear him a hand. There are hundreds of these junks in the harbor of Hong Kong. At night they are all lighted with Chinese lanterns and they move about among the rows of electric lights which denote the decks of a steamer, like so many fireflies. The illuminated fleets with which we amuse ourselves at home are very unromantic beside the view of the harbor of Hong Kong from the Peak Hotel where the Admiral from his window could identify the Olympia's lights.

Jacky will never cease to be amused by the eye which every boatman has painted on the bow of his craft, on the theory that "no have eye, no can see."

"Don't you know it's very foolish?" "Jim" Johnson asked one of them.

"Yeh, me savee, velly foolish, but Chinees," was the imperturbable reply.

To some members of the Olympia's crew New York will be a strange city. They are at home here. Among them are Ah Ling, the Admiral's steward, and Ah Mah, the Admiral's house boy, who worship the ground their master walks on. They are good examples of what can be made of a Chinaman with proper discipline and care. Every day Ah Ling goes ashore alone in a small boat and buys and bargains for the Admiral's table. Ah Mah keeps the Admiral's cabin in order and has his uniforms brushed and ready for him at a moment's call. The Admiral has become so attached to them that he thinks of taking them to Montpelier with him. Although this is in violation of the laws of the United States he expects that when the authorities hear what he has to say they will look the other way as Ah Ling and Ah Mah step ashore. Ah Ling and Ah Mah passed ammunition until their

fingers were sore, and grinned throughout the battle.

Hong Kong, June 7.

CHAPTER IV.

SINGAPORE.

It is as plain that the Admiral did not intend to take the Governor-General of the Straits Settlements, Sir Charles Mitchell, by surprise as it is that Sir Charles was taken by surprise. Consul-General Pratt, who had found a quiet and available house by the seashore where a great man off duty might rest, pocketed his invitation to the Admiral when he heard of the Governor's plans. The Governor, by cable to Hong Kong, offered to the Admiral the hospitality of Government House, a grand mansion where punkas make breezes when they do not blow from the sea, as long as he choose to remain in Singapore; where he could be as secluded as he is in his cabin, or he could meet all official Singapore.

The Admiral replied promptly. He thanked the Governor-General.

Another thing that is plain is that the Governor has never been the correspondent of a newspaper at Manila. If he had he would have known that when

the Admiral says "Thank you," it is very often the equivalent of "No, I thank you."

"I suppose he means consent," remarked the Governor to the Consul.

"I should think so," replied the Consul.

There was no other way of looking at it, so far as official Singapore was concerned. Surely the Admiral would not put himself to the discomfort of remaining aboard while the *Olympia* coaled. He could not go to the hotel as he had in Hong Kong, for Hong Kong has a reasonably good hotel. His refusal of all invitations there might not necessarily be taken as a precedent..

In his instructions as to supplies needed by the *Olympia* he had set Monday morning, the 12th, as the time of his arrival. The authorities made arrangements for his reception accordingly. Official society was in a little flutter of anticipation. Leading officers and officials were to be on hand when he landed to inspect the Guard of Honor, while their wives and daughters were to look on from the eminence of traps in the background.

His coming was a relief from the monotony of bearing the White Man's Burden, which consists in drawing one's salary, playing enough golf or polo to keep from getting a tropical liver, driving on the

Esplanade in the evening and going to the club for tiffin (luncheon) and to read the Times when the mail comes in.

On Sunday the ruling race go into the country. Only an occasional black or yellow man is seen in the streets of the business district, which is as European in appearance as the residential portion is Oriental. A Puritan New England village is not more quiet. Last Sunday afternoon the only white man in the club was the steward, who, chancing to look through the telescope at three o'clock, threw up his hands and exclaimed:

“ 'Pon my soul, the Olympia's coming in now!”

Here was a catastrophe which requires some explanation. It happened in this way: The Olympia is one of our fast cruisers, although the Admiral set her pace only at eleven to twelve knots from Hong Kong to Singapore, reckoning that at this rate she would arrive at Singapore at dawn of Monday. But in Hong Kong the tropical beard had been shaved off her hull and she had been painted white again. Out of sheer exuberance of spirits she began to break her schedule.

“I'll have to slow down, sir,” said Captain Lambert to the Admiral, “ or else instead of reaching

Singapore on Monday morning we shall be there Sunday afternoon."

"Don't. There's no reason why we shouldn't get in on Sunday afternoon," said the Admiral. "Let her keep her pace."

And she kept it.

The Admiral is not yet aware of the consternation that the Olympia's zeal caused in official circles. If he were, the Governor-General's aide-de-camp would feel that all of his efforts had been in vain.

Telephone messages were sent hither and thither from the club. Consul Pratt was roused from a nap; the aide-de-camp was overtaken on his drive, and jumped into his uniform; the Captain of the Port hastened in from his country place. They breathed a sigh of relief to find that there was a launch in the harbor with steam up. The Consul was downright happy to think of what was in contrast with what might have been. He might have been at the other end of the island, a distance of sixteen miles, or he might have been across the strait visiting his friend the Sultan of Johore.

The aide-de-camp, a young man reared on etiquette, continued to worry. He stroked his budding mustache thoughtfully. It would be awkward if the Admiral were to come ashore privately for the night

and then go aboard, to come ashore again officially in the morning. But such problems as these develop young aide-de-camps and fit them for high places.

The three started for the *Olympia* just as she was swinging with the tide at the man-of-war anchorage. The Consul and the Captain of the Port had their high hats and white waistcoats on, and the aide-de-camp made sure again that his Chinese boy had brushed his uniform. When they returned the aide-de-camp was smiling.

"It's all arranged beautifully," he said. "He's not coming ashore at all to-day, but at 10:30 in the morning, just as originally planned; and the Governor's to return his call at three. The Admiral's looking well and he is in good humor. Yes, the Admiral is fine."

Sir Charles and the Consul were admittedly a little disappointed. For the Admiral, owing to the brevity of his stay and his health, had to forego a reception at the club planned by the Consul, as well as the hospitality of Government House.

It is a pity the Admiral could not go to the club, for the club is a very quiet and satisfactory place. I think he would have enjoyed himself. Possibly he was of the same opinion. But aside from the reason of his health there is another for his determination

not to be lionized. He feels that it would be in poor taste for him to give his journey home any of the aspects of a junketing trip in foreign ports before his own people welcome him. What strength he has for receptions and banquets—it isn't much—he will husband for the United States.

At 10:30 the next morning a line of fifty men of the King's Own Regiment were standing on the pier as a guard of honor, with a line of civil officials and leading citizens beside them. Major-General Dickson, commanding the forces here, his aide-de-camp and the Governor's aide-de-camp were standing at the head of the gangway, while the Captain of the Port—for the guest must come into the harbor before he sets foot on land—stood at the foot of the gangway on the float.

Promptly to the minute the Admiral's launch ran up alongside the float. The Admiral, Captain Lamberton, Flag-Lieutenant Brumby, the Consul and Bob, the Admiral's pet dog, were on board.

"I'm sorry that I can't take you with me," said the Admiral, giving Bob a pat, "but dogs are not allowed at official receptions." Then he sprang lightly on to the pontoon and grasped the hand of the Captain of the Port. This was the signal for

the burst of a stave of a naval march from the band of the King's Own.

At the head of the gangway the Major-General and his aide-de-camp were introduced to the Admiral, and there were introductions all around, noticeable for their lack of demonstration or affectation, which characterizes the Anglo-Saxon.

The Admiral was dressed in the simple white uniform of the tropics, whose only insignia is the shoulder straps and gilt braid on the visor of the cap. He walked rapidly to the end of the pier, meanwhile raising his cap and bowing, and pausing an instant in his quick, short steps as he returned the salutes of the officers and the lifting of civilians' hats, all briskly and in half the time that the ordinary man of his age would require.

If it were not that they were made so easily and naturally, the Admiral's movements would seem almost abrupt. He is a nervous man. The British have observed that, which is as good as saying that they have observed that he is an American. They have also remarked his dignity and his fine manner. If you saw him on a quarter-deck you would have no doubt who was admiral of the fleet, or at least who ought to be.

"*A pukha sahib*" (fine gentleman), said one

young officer. "Not all clever officers are *pukha sahibs*. It's better when they are."

"Seems in a bit of a hurry to get through it. But I don't know as I blame him," said another.

Reports of his ill health had preceded him. Everybody had expected to see a sick man, and when they saw him they exclaimed that he looked very well indeed. The Admiral will always look well as long as he can stand on his feet, and his manners will be those of youth. Captain Lamberton says that perhaps the Admiral looks a little older and a little grayer than he did in May, 1898, but otherwise not the worse for wear.

The colony might have changed its mind on the state of his health if it had known his diet. Instead of the four-course dinners which would seem to be in keeping with his well-fed appearance, he has been living for the last few days on rice almost exclusively, which is a favorite prescription of the tropics when, as they say in the navy, "your rations go against you."

At the entrance to the pier the Governor-General's carriage was waiting with two Malay coachmen. The Sikh and the Malay police held the crowd back. It was the most polyglot crowd that can be collected anywhere in the world outside of



ON THE WAY TO THE GOVERNMENT HOUSE, SINGAPORE



SINGALESE BOATMEN

Hong Kong. There was less difficulty in handling it than any crowd in any civilized country, not excepting a tea party or the House of Representatives. The Malay, the Chinaman, or a member of any other race which flocks to Singapore, knows that his place is to keep behind the policeman and not get in the way of the Sahib's cart; moreover, he knows better than to find excuses for breaking the rule. The shop-keeping class and the half-caste clerks—all who may not belong to the clubs—were by themselves. They started to cheer. The officers and the officials looked at them savagely, and the cheer died in their throats. That sort of thing is considered in very bad taste in the tropics. Officers and officials never cheer. The rest of the world is not supposed to cheer. This is good for the nerves and consoling for a tropical liver.

So the Admiral called on the Governor, and the Governor called on the Admiral; all official calls whatsoever being over and all port duties attended to by Monday evening. Then he was free to come ashore in the afternoon in his gray suit and Fedora hat and go for a drive as a private citizen. For practical purposes the Olympia is simply an American man-of-war cruising homeward, and there is

not a single hero on board until she arrives in New York harbor.

There is no denying that Admiral Dewey enjoyed himself very well in Singapore. Its official classes understand how to entertain a great man of quiet tastes. Before the *Olympia* departed, which she did this morning in a tropical rainstorm, they had so far brought him out of his shell that he stepped over the line which divides official courtesies from genuine sociability.

Yesterday afternoon he gave an informal reception on board the *Olympia* to a few favored folk of the town. The night before he was enticed to a farewell dinner at Government House. After coffee Lady Mitchell took him for a drive, while the Governor and Consul Pratt followed in a second carriage.

The dinner was very simple, with only four present, which is the kind of dinner the Admiral likes. Probably Consul Pratt suggested the drive afterward, knowing how fond the Admiral had become of the well-made roads out to the reservoir and in other directions, with overhanging tropical foliage and enlivened by native houses and the varying types of mankind on foot.

At the Singapore Club they are saying that this

is the first time a Governor-General of Her Majesty's Straits Settlements has condescended to go driving with a Consul. This he owes to the Admiral's warm heart, which rises above official etiquette. For British Governor-Generals have to be more careful about what they do not do than about what they do.

Such an innovation means a great deal to the Consul among the little circle of white men in a small protectorate who know one another and one another's business as well as if they were the residents of a four-corners' village at home. His triumph will not last long, as his successor has just arrived.

Poor Pratt has been as happy since that day as a Jacky in a rickshaw. Before the Admiral came, after eight years in the diplomatic service of his country, he was about to return home as a scapegoat. Although in Singapore he is the most popular Consul we ever sent here, at home there is an idea that he has been too friendly with Aguinaldo. Possibly he is slightly affected with Anglomania; possibly he was indiscreet. At all events, he was scrupulously honest in his intentions to serve the interests of his country according to such lights as he had in Singapore. He had the misfortune, too, of not foreseeing

what nobody at home foresaw, which may and may not be disgraceful in an officer of an untrained consular service.

When he sent Aguinaldo to Commodore Dewey we were thinking of the Philippines as a means of clubbing Spain into granting freedom to Cuba, and not as a territorial possession. Since Aguinaldo has been a thorn in our side, the Consul has borne the blame that was heaped upon him with the suffering silence which is the weakness of a man of a non-combative nature.

He only wished that his successor was already on hand in his place to go through the official ceremonies of receiving the Admiral, and that he might escape to oblivion and his native State of Georgia. Dewey's skirts are clear of Aguinaldo, and Pratt supposed that the Admiral shared the opinion of the rest of the world of himself. At any rate, that would be "good politics" for the Admiral.

So the Consul went on board the *Olympia* with his heart in his mouth, for it is known as far from Manila as Singapore that the Admiral can make a caller wish that he was among the fishes under the *Olympia*—anywhere except on her quarter-deck. He can also put a caller at ease in a moment. In less than that time Pratt's heart was back in its place.

He recalled having met Pratt at a club in Washington. When the Admiral received the invitation for the dinner, he said to Pratt:

"Of course, you are coming with me."

"No, I don't think that it was really intended that way."

"Yes, it was. I want you. I can't go up there alone. Come along," the Admiral said in the manner he has of dismissing a subject and carrying everything before him.

The Governor-General had postponed the date set for his departure on his annual tour of the Malay States in order, in the first place, to receive the Admiral, and, in the second place, to receive the King of Siam, who changed his mind at the last moment and deferred his visit. Sir Charles's yacht lifted anchor while the Admiral's farewell reception was in progress. It started straight on its course out in the Straits. Then somebody on board, perhaps Lady Mitchell, had a second thought. The yacht put about, and, steaming slowly around the Olympia, passed so near to her starboard bow that Sir Charles and Lady Mitchell could call out a final good-by to the Admiral, and the Admiral could wish them a pleasant voyage.

But this reception did not take place while the

Olympia was being coaled, you may be sure. For the sake of the comfort of his men the Admiral ordered that the flagship should be coaled from lighters in the Straits instead of taking the easier and quicker way at the wharf. There is usually enough breeze blowing in the Straits to make sleep possible. At a wharf a berth on the Olympia would be an oven.

By day those Jackies who had not permission to go ashore lay and lounged on the decks or leaned over the rail to watch the dismay of petty officers and stokers at the leisurely manner of the Indian and Chinese coolies who were carrying coal up to the bunkers in peck baskets.

"They don't get any more rice or any bigger breechclout for working harder, but I should think some of them would want to work harder just for the privilege of dying young," said a Jacky.

The coal used was Japanese, and the Olympia's crew say it is the dirtiest coal that ever came out of a mine. It can turn any ship's crew into a negro minstrel show in an hour's time. Captain Lamberton apologized for the state of his hand upon extending it to you.

But no black speck found its way into the Admiral's cabin, where he was reading the latest mail

and newspapers from home. It is the care of everybody, from his orderly to Captain Lamberton, that the Admiral shall be comfortable. They regard him as a kind of treasure which they are bound to return to the people of the United States in good condition.

Ships flying the flag of every nation and ships of every kind are always at anchor in the harbor of Singapore—tramps on their way to the pearl fisheries; tramps seeking rice or hemp or cocoanuts or any tropical product as cargo for any port in the world; battered steel vessels, remains of a past generation which have survived their usefulness in the Atlantic trade and are now plying between Borneo and Sumatra and the other islands between China and the Indies, with white men for their masters and Lascars for their crews, looking for any business within the law or without its reach.

Beside them the Olympia appeared as a swan among ducks, only the Japanese coal had rather soiled one of the swan's wings, which was under the hose in a minute after coaling was finished.

Jacky has seen many strange things in his service on the Asiatic Squadron. Nevertheless, Singapore appeared to him in the light of a circus which opens

the eyes of the small boy from the country for the first time.

You see the first of India and the last of Japan and China at Singapore. It is half way between Yokohama and Aden and midway of the backbone of land, jutting down from Asia, which breaks off at the Straits of Malacca and reappears in Borneo, Sumatra and Java. Traders of every European nation are there, including the Dutch, who are carrying the White Man's Burden near at hand in Java. When a black man with a mat, a pot of rice and a change of breechclout leaves his home anywhere in Asia to seek his fortune in foreign parts, Singapore is usually his destination. A few white-faced members of the British colonial service are its keepers. Out of the babel of voices they bring a kind of harmony, while they bend the black, brown, yellow and mottled shoulders of the crowds in the streets to their will.

Malay is the language of the country. Malay Sultans nominally rule, with British advisers pulling the strings of the automaton from behind the throne. Every youngster in the civil service must speak Malay; for the wise keeper makes it a point to know the language of the jungle, but does not care to have the jungle know his. The Hindu cabman or the

Chinese rickshaw man may know a few words of Malay, but no English.

The Major-General commanding the forces orders his luncheon at the club in Malay, while he speaks to the hall porter, who is Hindu, in Hindostanee. English is the language of the gods; or, rather, it is the language of all who wear shirts.

When the Chinese immigrant rises to a shop or an opium joint and becomes rich, he puts on a shirt and speaks English. One wants no covering night or day in Singapore. A shirt is a torturous penalty of caste like the corset. Probably one-eighth of one per cent. of the population has a shirt to fall back on in case of a funeral. The Malay wears his sarong, which falls to his knees, and the rest of the inhabitants are content with some kind of a loin cloth. All other Asiatic ports readily yield the palm to Singapore as being the nakedest port under civilized jurisdiction in the world.

The Chinese seem to enjoy the personal liberty of the place immensely, and their ingenuity enables them to save more on clothes than any other race. It is they who carry the heavy burdens, who draw the rickshaws and go to the tin mines, which are the chief source of the exports of the Malay States, to slave for enough to gratify their appetites until an

early death overtakes them. They shared with the Indians the honor of taking Jacky back to the Olympia when his leave was up.

"So far as I can make out," said a member of the Singapore Club, "all your Jackies ride in rickshaws your senior officers ride in gharries, and your junior officers start for the country on their bicycles. It isn't a rule of the ship, is it?"

The "steerage," as the junior officers' mess is called, always enjoys life more than the wardroom. There is an unconfined gayety in the steerage and a freshness in its views of life which are quite human. The juniors are candid in telling one another their faults and equally quick to forget that anyone has given them a "roast." No responsibility of being dignified rests upon their shoulders. They can go over the sides to freedom when seniors have to go to receptions. The wardroom makes different beings of them. They are on watch then. The executive officer sits at the head of the table and he is a family man by the time he is in the wardroom, too. Tropical livers are oftener the lot of the juniors than of the senior mess. Bicycles may have something to do with that. In Singapore the juniors mounted their bicycles and rode off into the country without knowing much more about where they

were going than Jacky did when he took a rickshaw. They weren't afraid of sunstroke or of their collars wilting when they perspired, for they wore sweaters.

The senior officers enjoyed the things served on the veranda of the club very much. The gharries in which they rode are very comfortable. A gharry resembles a hearse in shape. The proper thing is a gharry by day and a rickshaw at night; but Jacky and the junior didn't see any good in a gharry at any time.

The Jackies did not fare as well in the hotels as they did in Hong Kong. When four of them entered a dining-room the manager sent them away at the request of a Dutch officer. An American tourist had the manager call them back, and then told him to give them a dinner in a private room and charge that and the champagne to him.

The reply of the spokesman for the Jackies made the American feel at home.

"Hully gee! but you're all right," he said. "We'll let you pay for the champagne, but we pay for the dinners, you bet."

Singapore, June 13.

CHAPTER V.

COLOMBO.

Her White Majesty, the Olympia, was six days in coming from Singapore to Colombo, when she might have come in four if the Admiral had said the word. He was not of the mind to say it, because he did not want the firemen or any other members of his crew to work harder than was compatible with that speed which means the most distance for the least coal and the least labor for all concerned. A cruiser will burn more coal in going a certain distance very slowly or very fast than she will at a moderate rate of speed. The exact happy medium of the Olympia is eleven or twelve knots.

Withal, the Admiral loves the sea, and when you love the sea as a sailor loves it, just so surely as you look forward to land when you are out of sight of it, just so surely will you look forward to losing sight of it once you are on it. At heart you are really more at home on the sea than on land. The happy medium, here, is to go to sea when you are

tired of the land and to put into port when you are tired of the sea. That is the idea people have when they buy steam yachts, which are a source of bitter disappointment. They lack the characteristics, which is everything. You must be one of the toilers of the sea to enjoy it; you must have duties to perform both at sea and ashore.

Personally, I take little stock in the Admiral's conviction that his corner in the Metropolitan Club in Washington in winter, and the mountains of Vermont in summer will keep him happy and contented for the remainder of his days. A year hence we shall see if he has changed his mind. The corner of the club, even Montpelier, will not be the same to the full Admiral that it was to the Captain or to the Commodore, though he thinks that they will. He will have visions of the quarter-deck, where there are no cablegrams, no mail, no letters of introduction. You will then understand what complete rest it is to him to be at sea in good weather now after thirteen months in the harbor of Manila.

From Singapore to Colombo the Olympia faced the monsoon. As the Admiral knew before he started on the journey, the monsoon is a work of the Lord or a work of the devil, or a great deal of both.

It is a work of the Lord when it is blowing three or four miles an hour in the opposite direction from which the vessel is going. Then there is always a breeze blowing the length of the deck. If you sit under the awning and imagine that you are not in the tropics you will escape prickly heat and be quite comfortable. The monsoon is a work of the devil when it goes in the same direction and at about the same rate that a vessel is traveling. That means a dead calm on board. From above and below, through the awnings and out of the bowels of the ship, from the distance where the leaden sea meets the heat-flushed sky, the hot air presses upon you. Alas for you, if you think that you are the sole object of its enmity. You go from place to place hoping to escape from the centre of its force, to play it a trick to find some little draught, if not a breeze, with which to defy it. But you only flounder about with the helplessness of one in burning quicksand. You give up the fight; you give up walking first to the stern and then to the bow. After your energy is expended you lie at length in those long cane chairs which the Asiatic makes and is glad to sell for five dollars "Mex" to ease the White Man's Burden; and you nurse your prickly heat and wait

until your ship passes into latitude and longitude where the Lord lays His hand on the monsoon and bids it to give up to Him some of the devil's part; to grant His people respite from suffering. The monsoon is the work of both the Lord and the devil when it is blowing at the rate of thirteen knots an hour in an opposite direction to that of the vessel, which bobs up and down like a cork on a fishline that has a bite at the end of it. The decks are wet; Lascars cannot keep the little rivulets, projected by a lunge and then left without a source, scraped into the sewers as fast as they come. The sticky tropical spray—which makes your clothes go mouldy in a day; which has never been frozen and disciplined—goes down the back of your neck to meet more spray coming up your trousers' legs. If you try to walk up to the bow you look down to see if you are not walking on stairs which are falling away from you like the steps of a treadmill. The seasick ones wish they were in the oven again, and they who are prompt at meals enlarge on how hot it would be if it weren't for that fine institution, the monsoon. That is, all in all, the monsoon, and whether a curse or a blessing, is always the monsoon.

The monsoon was a work of the Lord from Co-

lombo to Singapore, as it always is this time of the year. For the whole journey the weather, to beings with blood thinned by the tropics, was what the sail to Manhattan Beach is to the tired New Yorker, but bound to become Broadway again as soon as the Olympia passed under the lea of the land into a tropical harbor. The Admiral's comfortable chair on the after-deck, by a little shifting, always caught enough and not too much breeze. Meanwhile he had good books to read. He had been supplied with some material on the government of the Straits Settlements, by Sir Charles Mitchell. As a member of the President's Commission, as an American citizen whose country had on its hands a rebellion of Tagalogs, who are of Malay stock, he was interested to know the reasons for the success of the British in governing this most peculiar people.

In coming out of the Straits in a heavy mist and rain, the navigator, Mr. Laird, for the first time had a bit of navigation worthy of his steel. As he had never been there before, and it is a pretty rocky place, even Laird had to watch his points a little. If she wished to feel her way she could afford the time. Her maximum speed on the journey was ten knots, and although the slow passenger steamer on which I took passage started two hours after her

and went out of the direct course in order to stop at Penang, we anchored inside the breakwater at Colombo only an hour after her. The breakwater, over which the waves whipped up by the monsoon dash with spectacular bursts of spray, gives to Colombo, the chief port of the island of Ceylon, which on the map hangs pendant from India as a jewel from a lady's ear, an artificial harbor. As it is necessarily small, the vessels line up like troops at parade on either side of an imaginary roadstead. In the roadstead the boatmen who carry passengers and the lighters which carry freight go and come, keeping to the left according to English custom. The *Olympia* took her place beside the buoy reserved for her at eight o'clock. One of the first things I learned about Colombo was that the Eastern Telegraph Company, which carries all news from the Philippines to the United States, is no factor in the life of the community as it is at Hong Kong and Singapore. The Government here is supreme. It is the telegraph which plays a most important part in keeping natives in order by the assistance it gives in the rapid mobilization of troops. I was as unused to the methods of the telegraph office as the clerks were to having cablegrams to New York papers handed in at the counter. Colombo gets about

twenty or thirty words of European news a day, which is printed in all the papers. When the monsoon does not behave properly toward the crops, or a vessel is wrecked, the local correspondents put a message on the wire. Sometimes they send as many as ten a year. No wonder the editors in London are forever complaining that no colonial correspondent can have the fact that his is not the only colony in the Empire drummed into his head. Using the telegraph as a whip to keep the natives in line, the Government proceeds, as it usually does, to make the whip out of native material. All the clerks are natives. Only the handle of the whip is English. One undemonstrative white man in a big, sacred room upstairs in the solidly constructed building, is the handle. He is a good fellow as well as a good handle. If there had been any way of extending the press rate to an American who believes that blood is thicker than water, he would have done it. He knew the story of Sir Edward Chichester's reply to Admiral Von Diedrichs, which had been told and retold in every English club in the Far East. It was a pity, he said, that anything about so fine a man as the Admiral should go at the business rate of seven rupees a word. He even sounded Calcutta to see if some concessions could not be made. Calcutta

replied that it had rules, and it had not yet begun to make exceptions to any of them. Then he thought of telegraphing to Calcutta that I said that blood was thicker than water, and was restrained only by the fear that Calcutta might reply that they knew of the manager of a Department who was thicker still.

My grief at paying seven rupees a word was in part atoned for by the number of stamps the clerk gave me for a receipt. Stamps for the amount of the cost of the telegram are placed across the top of the form and then are cut in two, you getting half to assure yourself that the Government hasn't cheated you and the Government getting half to assure itself that the native hasn't cheated the Government. The native holds these picture receipts in awe where he wouldn't have much respect for a written one. A pair of creaking old shears, used for cutting the stamps, were handled by the executioners with as much care as if they were setting the mainspring of a watch. The Parsees, the Chitties and the Singapore clerks who were waiting for my large order to be finished were regarded with an occasional glance of august pride, and then the shears squeaked a little harder. As I stepped away from the window I was accosted by a Cinga-

lese in European garb, who held up a huge note book with pencil poised over it while he contemplated me through glasses of an owlish size. He had been educated in the English school, and the sahib who conducted one of the local papers had furnished that large note book as a desideratum in arranging his pay for going forth into the world to seek information. He seemed to want my impressions of the world in general, and began to write them down without saying a word.

Colombo has almost as many newspapers as New York. All print that same daily twenty words of news from the seat of Empire, where the white sahib's heart is while his body is holding out against the ravages of a tropical climate so that there will be enough left of it to enjoy the pension when his term of service is done. The sahibs read these twenty words in bulletins at their offices, at the barracks and at the tea garden, and then read them all over again in the papers at home. This, if you know how, can be made almost an equivalent of having the Times in the morning.

On the day of the Admiral's arrival the papers published column upon column of accounts of the battle, copied by the native reporters from old files of the London papers, and accounts of the Dewey

Day celebration in New York as told in the one American daily received at our Consulate. A paper with a half-tone portrait of the Admiral was offered to me by a native newsboy the moment that I stepped on shore.

None of the twenty words of the daily budget of news came from the East. So the acting Governor of Ceylon had received no hint of the precedent the Admiral had established in Hong Kong and Singapore. Like the Governors of Hong Kong and Singapore, he thought that an Admiral who was recruiting his health certainly would not put himself to the discomfort of remaining on board the flagship in the face of invitations to cool places ashore. Seventy miles back in the mountains, connected with Colombo by rail, is Kandy, the residence of the Governor and the resort of the well-to-do in the hot season. A special train was to take the Admiral out to Kandy, where he was to be the Governor's guest as soon as he had paid the usual official call at Government House in town, which was occupied only by his servants until Captain Wyndham, his aide-de-camp, came to escort the Admiral out to Kandy. Some little criticism on the acting Governor was passed. It was thought that, under the circumstances, he ought to have put aside all formali-

ties and escorted the Admiral to Kandy in person.

Captain Wyndham was the third attache to have a programme taken from under his feet by a few polite words of the Admiral. When he came ashore he had the order for the special train out to Kandy cancelled at once. Meantime, the Admiral ordered rooms at the Colle Face Hotel, which faces the sea at the end of a pleasant esplanade running along the shore a mile beyond the town. For, tell it not to the marines, the hotel at Colombo was sixty miles from the Governor-General's summer home; at Singapore the hotel had been a little nearer the flagship than Government House.

After the aide-de-camp, the Consul of the United States went on board. Forever the Consul. He calls on an Admiral first, but a Captain must call on him first. What was the loss of the mayors between San Francisco and New York was the gain of the gentlemen who sign finances for us in Asiatic ports and lend their papers to American globe trotters who promise to return them and never do. The Admiral's secretiveness about his plans led to all kinds of rumors about his itinerary which I judge were conveyed on ahead of him by passengers on the P. and O. and the French Mail from Hong Kong who wanted to be entertaining. At Bombay prep-

arations were actually made for his reception, and even the Consul at Calcutta once thought that all the reflected glory would not fall solely on Hong Kong and Singapore. Some of our Asiatic Consuls allow themselves extravagances which their salaries would not permit of in civilized countries. For official occasions they have dragomen dressed up in red, white and blue, with patches of stars here and there, who follow them at two paces. Otherwise, they would be in bad form. The Consul at Colombo has no dragoman. However, he has a Cingalese wife, whose standing in white society is not so high as it is among her own people. Whenever people in Colombo speak of the Consul, they wonder why, and then let the matter drop along with the Consul. The arrival of the Admiral recalled his existence to the town. He has grown old and withered in his post. Nobody at home who had done any work for either political party has ever applied for the Consulate to Colombo. His blood is so thin that an autumn frost in New England would freeze him to death, I think. The first day of the Admiral's visit was the greatest one of the old gentleman's official career. He put on a high hat and a long-tailed coat, and tried to be calm.

Captain Wyndham arranged the official landing

for eleven o'clock. In respect to form, it was the same as it was at Singapore; the same as it is at any port. Only Ceylon is a greater and richer colony than the Straits Settlements or Hong Kong, with the resources to receive an admiral with more aplomb than its neighbor. It has the soldiers, for example. The Highland Light Infantry was not made of clay to-day or yesterday. They bore the marks of each year of a drill sergeant's knocks which they had undergone, as surely as a ram bears his age on his horns. Their seven years' service was almost up; it was almost time for them, having learned how to be soldiers, to be turned out of the army. Thank Heaven, we treat our regulars better. Their pride of regiment is their trousers, with checks about four inches square. As long as they continue to wear white tunics and white helmets I shall like their trousers.

The band at Singapore was in kharkee. A band in kharkee on the battlefield, where a band is really in the way, nowadays, would look very well. At an official reception it simply looks as if it did not know how to play. Besides, there was a more important comparison for spectacular purposes between Singapore and Colombo. The footman and the

coachman of the Governor's carriage at Singapore were little Malays in red and blue liveries with a shell-top hat. The Governor's footman at Colombo had no head covering. It would have hidden from the view of his countrymen the largest tortoise shell comb in Ceylon, which he wore in his back hair. His raiment? The Cingalese know not of Solomon. To them the coachman is, as he was to me, the most gorgeous being that ever lived. He was selected, originally, because of his size and his lordly manner. With all the cocoa-nut oil he wanted to eat, as well as all he wanted to rub on his hair, his importance has gradually increased. The footman was only a little less gorgeous than the coachman.

Without planning it so, the officials made the Admiral's landing a fine piece of theatricalism. Between the little plaza in front of the leading hotel and the pier a new building was in course of construction. An alleyway of high boardings to one side of the new building led from the pier to the plaza. The builder, who put a sharp turn in the alleyway just before it opened into the plaza, was unconsciously a stage manager. As the Admiral, Captain Wyndham and Lieutenant Brumby

came up the alley, the Captain apologized for the surroundings.

"Never apologize for improvements," the Admiral replied.

At this moment they were in the turn of the alley, and the next step brought them into the plaza. The Admiral had come as suddenly upon the scene there as it had burst upon him. It was two minutes after eleven. The Admiral's launch had touched the pier at just eleven, and two minutes had been consumed in greeting Captain Wyndham and in their walk the length of the pier and up the alley. At one minute before eleven, the Governor's carriage had swung around fifty yards from the mouth of the alley, and at the end of the palings of the new building facing the plaza. Back of it were some native police. The door of the carriage was open, the broad step down. That gorgeous footman stood erect with his hand on the door. The coachman was a motionless prism of color shown off by the steady light of a fair day in the tropics.

At ten minutes before eleven the guard of fifty men of the Highlanders, with the band in front, had come into the plaza. This gave them time enough to order arms, to dress up, to stand at ease, to allow the officers to call Smith or Jones to task because

he was out of alignment as much as the breadth of a typewritten letter, and to wipe the perspiration off their faces and hands with the handkerchief which is drawn out of the breast of the tunic; that is, time enough to settle them for their part. Their line, two deep, began at the other end of the little tea house which was at the end of the alley as you came out of it. The band extended from their right up even with the carriage. The mathematics of the thing could not have been better if it had been laid out in chalk on the ground.

At the moment the Admiral appeared you could have stretched a line and touched the musket of every one of these veteran troops who were once 'Arries of clay. In front of them was a statue holding the colors of the regiment, planted on the ground. Behind the troops were the natives, slim, small, effeminate people with their long hair brushed back from their foreheads. That deference to the native love of finery in the gaudiness of the coachman suggested how the British on the one hand pander to the tastes and the prejudices of the natives; the line of statues with their Lee-Mitfords was the other side of the explanation of how a hundred thousand men govern three hundred millions in India.

This was what the Admiral saw. What they saw was an exceedingly well preserved man of sixty, robust and well proportioned, not more than five feet seven inches in height, erect as that statue of a color bearer himself, and wearing an undress white uniform. That is, they saw the real Admiral, whom we knew in Manila. Neither in full dress nor in blue undress is he so handsome as in the suit of duck for which he paid a Chinese tailor in Manila five dollars. He stepped with a graceful step. While a naval stave burst from the band he and the officers of the Guard stood at salute. Then he went to meet the officers, and they came to meet him. There was the touch of languor in their walk which is supposed to be the proper thing in a ruling race; the Admiral's walk had that suggestion of nervous energy which demonstrated beyond doubt that he was not, as some of the natives thought, a new Governor-General of the colony, but a fellow citizen of yours and mine. A fine body of drilled men is the apple of his eye. His delight with the Highland Light Infantry showed itself in his face. As he walked along the line he said some pleasant things which will be long remembered in the barracks, where the Yankee Admiral is now as popular as he is in the officers' mess.

The sahibs who plant tea or trade in tea, who play their part in governing a colony from offices rather than barracks; in fine, all the sahibs who wear civilian clothes, as well as some of their wives and daughters, were standing in the tea house or near it. I was among them and listened to their remarks.

"Not quite tall enough for a soldier," said a woman at my side, "but just the right height for a sailor. Yes, he's just the idea of what a sailor of sixty should be—not too fat and not too thin; perfectly groomed from head to foot; dignified and urbane, but with some of the dash of sea spray in his manner."

"Smart, I must say. Smart enough to be a cavalryman" (very critically through a subaltern's eyeglass).

"I always have been in favor of the Anglo-Saxon alliance" (stubborn old tea planter).

"Thought he was an old man. Not more than fifty, I should say. But then a man's old in America at that age" (from an elderly man).

"They said he was sick. He's awfully spry for a sick man" (from the companion of the subaltern).

"Seems in a bit of a hurry to get through it. Very graceful, though. Don't blame him. Must be a bore" (again through the eyeglass).

"Such as he and such as ours against the whole world" (tea planter again).

"Certainly most handsome and prepossessing" (from a clergyman).

It is not supposed to be the right thing for the sahibs of a British colony to cheer, but a woman in a trap started it as she exclaimed "He's lovely!" and a fusillade of clapping of hands followed just as the Admiral was stepping into the carriage. He raised his cap and smiled. The gaudy footman closed the door and stepped up onto the box beside the coachman, who let out his whip with a sharp crack. The policemen made way for the carriage, and it moved off toward Government House with the troops following and the band playing.

After the crowd had dispersed I looked for the appearance of the second landing party, which I had come to expect as a matter of course. Directly "Bob" came into the plaza dragging Robinson, of the Admiral's launch, after him. The official call was finished with due promptitude, and then the autocrat of the ship had his master to himself again.

Every paper, that afternoon, had a column and a half or a two-column editorial welcoming the Admiral in the name of what he had done and in the name of the Anglo-Saxon alliance. Englishmen in

the colonies can appreciate as Englishmen at home cannot, the meaning of the power of another navy added to her own in preserving what she holds by dominion of the sea.

Ceylon knew which side its bread was buttered on in more senses than one. Ceylon takes tea with its bread and butter, and it wants all America to do the same; at least, to drink Ceylon instead of Japanese tea. A brand of "Dewey Tea" was an advertisement for "The States" which awakened the liveliest anticipations in the minds of the Ceylon planters. Captain Wyndham told the Admiral that a delegation of them wished to wait on him in order to pay their respects. The Admiral replied that he would receive them on the *Olympia* after he had returned from the official landing.

The deputation went off in the Government launch. Its spokesman was a most dignified gentleman with nothing of the solicitor of advertising in his bearing. He began his speech with the customary "Ahem" and a number of digressive sentences. Then he settled down to a description of the merits of Ceylon tea in the august phraseology of the Houses of Parliament.

As he put it, there could be no doubt that tea—Ceylon tea—and not Lord Kitchener whipped the

Dervishes. Did not Lord Kitchener and all his men drink it? Finally, he presented the Admiral with a silver casket, a most elaborate address and also one thousand pounds of Ceylon tea, so there could be no doubt for the health of the Admiral and his men for the remainder of the voyage.

In reply the Admiral rather belied the opinion of Lieutenant Brumby that he could not make a speech. He talked very naturally and easy, just as he would on the quarter deck to some friends, which, if not oratory, is a good deal better than some oratory. He thanked them for the tea; he spoke to them of Sir Edward Chichester's good deeds in Manila Bay. The casket was very beautiful. It should remain on his table in memory of the hospitality of this port.

Ah Ling, the Admiral's steward, was a little worried for the moment. He had no faith in the tea of these foreign devils who do their long hair up with combs instead of wearing it in a pigtail. What he feared was the effect of the soft words of the foreign devils of mandarins on such a great and good man as the Admiral. He brewed the new tea and set it before the Admiral and awaited results. The Admiral told him to go on using the tea which he "catchee" for his master in Hong Kong.

“Me savey clasket,” said Ah Ling. “Me no havee clasket. Me havee tea.”

The prejudice of Ah Ling against Ceylon had a solid basis. The westward immigration of the Chinese meets its Waterloo. Chinamen have come here, but they have turned back. The competition of the Indian was too much for them. They bowed before the first equal they had met on their own ground and retired. Cingalese draw the rickshaws, which the Jackies are not to see again in any port; Cingalese are the boatmen; Indians bear the burdens. It was the last opportunity of the Jackies to ride in rickshaws, and they made the most of it. Rickshaws end at Colombo, and carriages begin at Aden. The worst horse-drawn vehicles in the world are at Aden, and the worst rickshaws in the world are at Colombo. Carriages improve as you go westward until they arrive at comparative perfection in the hansom cabs of London and New York; and rickshaws improve as you go eastward until they arrive at comparative perfection in Japan. By their long hair all of these Cingalese ought to be Samsons. As a matter of fact, two or three of them have not the strength of one short-haired Jap. Jacky had compassion on the Cingalese rickshaw puller, and changed “horses” often. As at Hong Kong, the sel-

ler of curios stood by to make a victim of him; but thinking of what he had already put him on his guard. He spent his money on the snake charmers.

In order to be on hand for his arrival at Port Said—the instructions from my paper said arrivals—I had to leave Colombo so soon after the Admiral's arrival at Colombo that I saw little of him there. He took up his residence at the Colle Face Hotel, had a carriage ride every afternoon; walked on the esplanade in the early morning; chatted with the guests on the piazza after dinner, and grew stronger every day. While his officers enjoyed the hospitality of the messes, he accepted few invitations.

Colombo, June 25.

CHAPTER VI.

TRIESTE.

Incident crowds on incident illustrating why his officers love the Admiral; why whoever meets him and speaks with him for a few minutes falls under his spell. I will not relate them in order. Any one is good enough for the top of the basket.

“When every wardroom officer and fifty of the men were sick with fever,” said one of the officers, “the Admiral used to make inquiries about us by name every day of the doctor. The monsoon was at its worst; my fever was at its worst. I was lying on my back in my room as blue as the little devils could make me when Ah Ling, the Admiral’s steward, came to my door with a glass and a bottle of port. ‘Admilar say you dlink this; velly old; velly good; Admilar say you dlinkee all you want.’ Perhaps it was not entirely the port; perhaps it was the thought, when I was just thinking I hadn’t many friends, that the great man in the Admiral’s cabin had remembered me as he remembered every other

officer in one way or another—at any rate, I got better at once.

“I was up on deck the next morning. He beamed when he saw me, as if he had fallen heir to a fortune.

“‘How do you like my medicine?’ he asked.

“‘It cured me,’ I said.

“‘Good! Good!’ he said.”

“I want to get the Admiral’s autograph,” said a member of the junior mess. “But I haven’t the nerve to ask him for it. I’d ask any other admiral in the navy, and yet he’s the simplest of them all, I’m sure. He loves us, and we love him. I know he would give me the autograph in a minute. I believe he would be surprised to hear that I daren’t ask him. His very thoughtfulness for you, the joke he passes with you on deck—they only make you fear that you may presume. I would rather lose twenty numbers than have him think that I didn’t know my place. Love is often mixed with fear; and we are just a little afraid of him. To us he is on as high a pinnacle as he is to those at home who have read of his victories and formed certain ideals. He did not put himself there. We put him there. It is his natural and proper place.”

“Now I’m going to the hotel for two nights while



THE ADMIRAL AND HIS CHOW DOG "BOB." TAKEN AT MIRAMAR,
THE SEAT OF MAXIMILIAN BEFORE HE WENT TO MEXICO



she is coaling," the Admiral said to his orderly. "Have a good time ashore. Take care of yourself and don't get sick. None of us is too strong after all the work we did in Manila."

Those proud beings who man his launch, and to my knowledge have never been as much as two minutes late in taking the Admiral to meet an engagement, were told to tie the barge up to the quay for the night. While one took his turn on guard, the others had liberty.

"We ain't kicking at all," was how the fat engineer of the barge put it. "And if we was going to kick, the only kick we've got coming is that the Admiral's been too good to us. We was thinking what a lot of money we'd have to spend in New York till the Admiral gave us so much leave that we spent it all having that good time he told us to have. We always obey orders. It's been a good time, you bet."

You have heard by cable all about the dinner which Minister Harris gave to the Admiral and the officers of the Olympia at the Hotel de la Ville, and the dinner which the Admiral gave in return on board. You have heard even more if you have read the accounts of what passed as written by those wonderful beings, the Viennese journalists. The

Minister and the Consuls to Austro-Hungary were here and ready to receive the Admiral three days before he arrived. The Minister's first ambition was to give the Admiral a banquet. His second was to take the Admiral to Austrian watering-places and introduce him to Franz Josef at the Emperor's summer residence, Ischl. The first of these ambitions was gratified, the second was not. Railroad travel in hot weather is not rest. As yet, a full admiral of the United States navy does not trot off across the country to get an audience with an Emperor before it has been arranged, the circumstances being such as they were at this time. If the Emperor had been near at hand and an Austrian of high place or rank had made the suggestion the situation would have been different. It is on such occasions as this that the Admiral always sees the point. He is considerate for one who does not. His shoes are always put with that same care which he observes in respecting the feelings of a Minister Plenipotentiary or one of the seamen on the Olympia. He never forgets in formal relations with foreign nations that the man who wears four stars on his shoulder is one of the citizens of the United States who, officially, have the keeping of the dignity of the nation in their hands.

Most of the speeches made at the banquet seem to have been variously reported as having been the Admiral's. He was the only person present who did not make one and would not have wanted it reported if he had. All the speakers told him that he won the battle of Manila Bay, and that he was a hero. It was the only thing to do; and they did it as well as it is usually done on such occasions.

Minister Harris has been told that he resembles Bismarck. He is a fine specimen of the Western American, six feet in height, without any spare flesh, and he made a handsome figure as he held up a glass of champagne to welcome the Admiral upon what was for the moment the soil of the United States as a peroration to his speech. Now, the Admiral, who was expected to tell them how he won the battle of Manila Bay, thanked the Minister in a few well-chosen phrases. Then he sat down and winked to Captain Lamber-ton. The Captain knew as well as he knows the Admiral that some officer was in for it.

"As for the battle," the Admiral said, turning to his private secretary, "ask Mr. Caldwell; he kept the record."

"I have learned under the tutorship of Admiral Dewey that silence is golden. I only know that he

won the battle of Manila Bay," said Mr Caldwell.

"Very promising young man" (as the Admiral often says of his secretary).

"Then Chief Engineer Bailey might tell you. I cannot say how much we owe to him," the Admiral continued. "I had only to say the word, and he would change the speed of the Olympia from ten to eighteen knots."

If the Chief had had his engines present he could have made a fine speech. As it was, his speech was the best of proof that he is a good engineer. Would you like to trust your life in the hands of an engineer who is a speechmaker?

It was eleven o'clock when the Admiral said that he thought it was time to go; and all the uniforms around the table arose automatically at the same moment as he. There followed the felicitations which go with good-nights. Then in the order of their rank—a fine-looking group in the evening dress of the navy—they descended the stairs by twos, the youthful faces of the ensigns appearing on the balcony just as the Admiral and Captain Lambert set foot on the bottom stair.

The Admiral inquired for the manager of the hotel. Having thanked Minister Harris, he did not forget the engineer of the dinner any more than he

ever forgets the services of the engineer of the Olympia. The manager of the hotel, a type of his kind in his country, started to bow till his head was on a level with the lowest button on the Admiral's waistcoat. But he found himself shaking hands with the Admiral instead.

"I have to thank you for your very nice arrangements this evening," he said. "It was a good dinner and well served."

Admirals in Austria are not so affable. All the manager's skill and energy had been devoted to this dinner. He was tired with drumming his plans into the heads of the waiters and arguing with his cook; for such dinners are not given often in the modest Hotel de la Ville. To receive in person the thanks of His Excellency was to make him happy for a week and give him an incident which he could joyously recall as he twirled his thumbs before he fell asleep after luncheon for the rest of his life.

If the dinner had been half an hour late and the Admiral had been giving it—well! You must know the Admiral pretty well, yourself, by this time.

While the Olympia was coaling the Admiral and Mr. Brumby came ashore, and lived at the hotel. Ah Mah came with them, and was a source of great

curiosity to the German maids at the hotel. Both Ah Mah and Ah Ling, the steward, have been followed about in the streets by little crowds, for Chinese immigrants have not found their way to Trieste.

"What do you think of Trieste?" the Admiral asked Ah Mah.

"No speakee English," said Ah Mah, with great disgust.

That amused the Admiral immensely.

After his coffee and before his breakfast he left the hotel for a little walk about the streets. No one would have recognized him if he had not been followed by a small army of snapshot photographers. When he went into a shop to make some purchases he came out to find cameras sticking out of windows in all directions and quite a crowd gathered. He made a little gesture of despair, turned down a side street and escaped. In the evening he went out to the café with Captain Lamberton. They listened to the band playing in the plaza and drank coffee Trieste fashion.

The presence of the Admiral means a great deal of expense to the Consul as well as glory. He wanted, however, to give to the Admiral a little luncheon which would be within his means. When he

broached the subject, the Admiral said: "I would rather you wouldn't. I know that our Consuls are not provided with any funds for entertainment purposes, and your salaries are not large. It would be a waste of money. Come for a drive with me this afternoon instead."

The Martinis here are very simple people who live in a small flat. There is Mrs. Martini, a daughter, and the son, who is the breadwinner of the family. Of Italian parentage they were long residents of Brooklyn, and by naturalization are Americans. Miss Martini, a tall brunette, has no rival to the claim of being the only American girl in Trieste. In the company of Consul Hossfeld and the other Consuls she went in the afternoon of the first day to call upon the Admiral in what might be called her official capacity. She was carrying a great bunch of flowers.

"What shall I say when I give them to the Admiral?" she asked the Consul.

"Say," said the Consul, "These are from the only American girl in Trieste to the only Admiral in the navy."

Miss Martini set her lips for the sentence. As she was being ushered toward the Admiral she repeated the words in her mind. And then she was

in the presence of the Admiral, who held out his hand on her and robbed her of her thunder as he said quickly :

"Ah, I hear you are the only American girl in Trieste, and I am happy to know you."

"The only Am—to the only Admiral—these flowers," she said.

"Oh, they are for me. They are lovely. I'll have them put in a vase and set on my table at once."

In a minute he had put her at her ease.

"You have come to see the ship, haven't you?" he went on. "These ships are all alike—guns and armor."

"Yes, the glorious Olympia, Admiral."

"These officers, especially the young officers (with a wink to one of the Consuls), they are all alike. Straight up and down young men, all the same pattern like the guns. Our inspectors look after them just the same as they look after the guns to make sure that there are no flaws in them."

The next day the daughter brought her mother on board. Before the Admiral went away he climbed the stairs to their flat and paid them a call. Mrs. Martini became famous for a day. One reporter was scooped because he got only an "inter-

view" with her, while another got a "signed statement." Ye gods!

On Saturday evening the Consul received a neat little note from a lady who enclosed the card of the Princess Mary de Ligouri, *nee* Williams, along with her autograph album, asking if the Consul would act as her intermediary in securing the signature of the Admiral. He took the book out to the Admiral, who said: "Certainly," and then turning over the leaves saw that the book was half a century old, and became interested.

"Here are Turkish signatures, Pashas and Beys, no doubt," he said. "And here are the signatures of some of the officers of the United States man-of-war Wabash. The Wabash gave me my first sight of the Mediterranean. I was an ensign then. Can it be possible that this lady is one of the beautiful daughters of the then United States Minister to Turkey? She must be. I remember her perfectly.

A very beautiful girl. If she, is my barge is at her service if she will come on board this afternoon."

She was. But she was no longer a beautiful young woman, any more than the Admiral was a young ensign; but a lady with silver hair, divorced from her country, but not forgetful of it,

living on the moderate income which is her husband's as an inspector of the Austrian Lloyd's. The successes of our arms were the more delightful to her on account of the Spanish sympathies of the Austrians. In her own words, she had crowed like a child when she heard of the victory of Manila Bay.

"But I do not remember you, I must confess," she said, "although you remember me."

"That is very natural," said the Admiral. "There were a great many officers—I was just telling a young lady the other day that these young officers are all alike—and there were not many beautiful American girls in Turkey."

They chatted together for over an hour.

Beyond the fact that he is to have a reception, the Admiral has known nothing of what is in store for him in New York. Only the newspapers had informed him that it was not to be a small reception. He has been worried a little since he has received so many telegrams from the mayors, lest his countrymen should expect more of him than his strength could stand.

"No, they will study to make it easy for you," I told him, in Hong Kong. "There will be a path for you on Broadway. I imagine you will

have to ride the length of the path in a ravine of human beings and bunting while a thunderstorm of applause announces your advance."

"That would not be so difficult," he said with a smile.

Here he received the formal letter from Mayor Van Wyck offering him the hospitality of the city, and also a letter from General Butterfield, who is stage manager of the ovation, as it were. He replied to the letters at once. When I saw him in his cabin only a few minutes afterward he was in a very happy frame of mind. He sent for both the letters and the replies in order that I might see them.

"Isn't that a good letter, that of the Mayor?" he exclaimed. "I don't see how he could have put it more felicitously. I shall enjoy meeting him. General Butterfield wants to send a representative to confer with me, so that the plans can be arranged according to my wishes. That is quite unnecessary. I have told him that whatever arrangements he may make will be perfectly satisfactory to me. I will do everything I can to be agreeable to his plans. We shall anchor in the Lower Bay on the night of September 30. Then I shall be in the committee's hands. After that

I shall go to Washington for a reception which the President has been kind enough to offer to me."

He bade me sit down at his desk rather than try to copy the letters on my knee. The next minute Ah Mah had put something for me to drink at my elbow. I like the Admiral's desk very much. But I found myself embarrassed when some Italian officials and their wives came in and started to beat a retreat, as became one who was there on my mission. He would not permit of it, however. I had to be introduced and have a glass of champagne.

The next time I saw him, he exclaimed:

"You took my pencil yesterday."

I thanked my stars that I had it in my pocket. I felt worse than a thief at the bar; for I know just how the Admiral, who wants everything in its place, had felt when he put his fingers out to his penholder case, which is made of Mauser shells, and found no pencil there.

On the day of his arrival here I had had a similar experience in running counter to Austrian officials. The Admiral was speaking of the voyage from Colombo.

"I was very comfortable," he said. "I have many good books, you see"—indicating the long

shelves around the ceiling of his cabin—"and I have only to put my hand up when I have finished one book and get another. If I ever run out of new books, there are enough old ones worth reading through a second time."

He had begun as if he were going to speak, as he had at Hong Kong, of the ideas which his reading had brought to him, when I had my hopes dashed by the entrance of the orderly announcing the arrival of the everlasting Austrian officers to pay an official call. I made haste to retire.

"Yes, this is official, you know," the Admiral said. "But don't go. You will find a comfortable chair out on the after-deck. As soon as the calls are over I will see you again."

But when you have known him long you become as fearful as his officers lest you should presume upon the good nature of one whose affability and kindness never diminish no matter how often they make him a victim.

Of all the functions and incidents connected with the visit of Admiral Dewey to this place, the most impressive was the burial of Isaac Rask, able seaman of the *Olympia*, who was serving his fourth enlistment. When he left Manila the doctor had no idea that Rask would ever reach home alive. His

pitiful plea that he should not be sent to the hospital at Corregidor, that he might accompany his comrades home, was readily granted. Men of his class have a warm place in the heart of the Admiral and of all officers of the navy, who treat them with paternal care. Whenever they have finished an enlistment they say that they have had enough of the navy. They are certain that they can earn better wages and enjoy life more ashore. In a month, or perhaps less, they turn up at a recruiting station, tired of cheap lodging-houses, tired of soiled clothes.

In the early stages of the voyage, Rask had all the hopefulness of the consumptive. He spoke with the others of the good times he was going to have in New York. When he began to realize the truth, his comrades made light of his fears, and told him that he would feel better once he was in the Mediterranean. At Trieste he was so low that the doctor sent him ashore to the hospital so his last moments would be more comfortable.

Upon his death the Olympia's flag was lowered to half-mast, and with it those of the Austrian ships in port out of sympathy. All first class and special class men who wished were allowed to attend the funeral. All went. Besides, there was an escort of marines and the flagship's band. Rask's remains

were laid in the little chapel of the hospital and wrapped in the flag, with a wreath from his fellows and a wreath from the Admiral resting upon it. Before the escort arrived a number of people, as is the custom of the country, came in to gratify their curiosity and utter short prayers. While the appointed ones of the dead man's comrades lifted the coffin into the hearse and the wreaths after it, and other Jackies stood just behind the hearse, our marines and their escort of Austrian marines stood in a flanking line the length of the roadway, and the band played the "Dead March."

The Austrians are fond of a funeral, particularly of this kind. More of them turned out to see a sailor buried than to see a live admiral. The poor people who do not come down town lined the streets of the long march to the German Lutheran Cemetery on the hill. The simplicity of the little procession surprised them. There was nothing ostentatious except the tawdry old hearse. Everything went like clockwork, even as aboard ship. There was no hitch, no stumbling; every Jacky knew his place. At the grave the German Lutheran clergyman in broken English read the service. Bugler Mitchell, standing on the fresh earth, blew the last sad note in honor of his comrade. Lieutenant Nel-

son thrice gave the order to load blank cartridges and to fire; and the stern, sombre, and beautiful proceeding was over.

The crowd was still waiting outside the gates when the party filed out as quietly as it had come.

"Well, Ike didn't get home as he wanted to, but he died in a civilized country, anyway," I overheard a Jacky say.

"Kind o'—kind o' civilized," was the reply of his neighbor, as he looked around at the flat, dumb faces of the Slav and Dalmatian poor, which were in such sharp contrast to the keen faces of the Jackies.

Trieste, July 28.

CHAPTER VII.

NAPLES.

The Bay of Naples has the reputation of being the most beautiful bay in the world. It had an early start over other bays in this respect, winning its reputation before there was a Suez Canal and the ordinary mortal could afford to go around the world and see some of its rivals. In its best moods it is worthy of its great name; but it is not at its best in the early morning when Vesuvius is obscured by the mist which hangs over the water. So thick was the mist when the *Olympia* came in just after daylight that she was not visible at a distance of a mile. At this hour the Consuls and all the Italian officials were asleep. The Admiral was up, however, and early on deck.

The voyage from Trieste had been simply "fair," Captain Lamberton said. There was not a ripple on the blue sheen of the Adriatic and the Mediterranean. In passing through the Straits of Messina, the Jackies, who had heard of Scylla and

Charybdis, looked the current 'over with practiced eyes and concluded that they would like to have a try at it in the captain's gig. "Bob," the Admiral's "chow" dog, saw enough of land to keep him from the melancholy which destroyed his appetite in crossing the Indian Ocean. "Sagasta," the pig, who had recovered from the bruises received in the tossing from the monsoon, did not bump his nose once. The whole family of the Olympia was in the best spirits I had ever known it to be. Apparently, livers were working well again. All hands denied the possession of any such organ.

There was not a case of fever or of sickness on board. He was the exception who had not gained from two to three pounds since the Olympia arrived at Trieste. At this rate (say an average of three pounds a man a week) with seven weeks between now and October 1st, there will have to be some radical alterations in uniforms before the receptions and dinners in New York. You, at home, will not see the real heroes of Manila at all. They were slim men.

All of which is great joy to the Admiral. In fact, it is the "snapper," as Captain Lamberton says, to his little joke. No less than other men, he likes to have his prophecies come true. This

Mediterranean trip was his own idea, though he did not tell his officers the secret of it at the time of its conception. They do their duty, and he thinks of their comfort and well being. He knew the Mediterranean of old; first as ensign on the Wabash and again as a commander; he understood the effect that its balmy air would have on his officers and men. The rough passage from Colombo followed by the heat of the Red Sea developed a hundred cases of fever. If the Olympia had headed straight for New York from Suez; if the crew had had no rest; if everybody had been on duty all the time without the luxury of a few days ashore, it is more than probable that pale and fever-stricken beings would have been the objects of your greeting. The receptions and the dinner would have finished the work and put them to bed, while the navy would have had a tropical sick list as well as the army.

"Yes, that was what the Admiral had in his head all the time," said an ensign. "We didn't exactly understand. It seemed to us a long way round to get home. But we knew it would come out all right. It always does with the Admiral. That is just the reason that we would feel per-

fectly confident in going against anything with him in command."

The Admiral's cheeks are actually rosy. He is not living on a rice diet now as he was from Hong Kong to Singapore. As a trencherman at the little official dinners which must take place whenever he stops at any port, he does very well. I can state on the highest authority, as those wonderful beings, the Continental journalists, would say, that he has gained enough flesh and that he would be quite content to have the scales balance just where they do for years to come.

When he said at Manila that his health was not equal to the strain of the receptions in crossing the continent, it absolutely was not. When he said that his health would not permit him to accept invitations in Hong Kong, it would not. But he little realized at the time what he was bringing on himself. The papers at home got the impression that he was a very sick man. The people received their impressions from the papers, and once they have an impression it is hard to change their minds. It is just as reasonable that the Admiral should be quite well, even strong for his age, now when he was not strong in Hong Kong two months ago, as it is that a man who had an attack of indiges-

tion two months ago should be at work in his office to-day. The tropics tear down and never build up. How quickly the air this side of the Suez will reclaim tissue broken down by the air on the other side of the Suez has become a proverb in the British colonial service. The man who has suffered from the blight of the tropics, once he is past the canal feels as if he were in the first stages of rapid recovery from typhoid fever. Cable after cable must have been sent from Trieste on the state of the Admiral's health. Those American tourists who come here now must have read these cables. Nevertheless, they expect to find the Admiral a pale, emaciated being, with bent shoulders and dyspeptic air, instead of a dapper, hale, erect man looking to be fifty years instead of sixty-one. To the old question his usual reply at this time is quite to the point. "Look at me!" he says, with his shoulders thrown back and the flush of health on his countenance. I think it is the only question, outside of questions relating to his private affairs, which bores him a little.

He is never impolite. Every American he meets says: "Oh, but you can't imagine what a reception they are going to give you in New York!" Or if an official and a little familiar: "You will be in

for it when you get home!" To which the Admiral always makes a pleasant reply which might lead the speaker to think that he had given the man who has received more than a hundred cablegrams of invitations in forty-eight hours at Manila a great piece of information. The Admiral's readiness with little phrases is amazing, but not as amazing as his manner of speaking them. He is likely to say: "So I have heard." In cold print that might be taken for sarcasm. In the mouths of a Mansfield, a Goodwin and a Coquelin combined it could be given a score of different meanings. As the Admiral says it, with his eyes twinkling, it is at the opposite pole from sarcasm. It makes the speaker feel quite at home; and the next moment the Admiral has changed the subject from himself to the flagship or his dog "Bob."

The flagship, the officers, the guns, and "Bob" are his life preservers. If somebody showers compliments on him, he steps so deftly to one side that you scarcely realize the change, and there is Captain Lamberton or Flag-Lieutenant Brumby or Private Secretary Caldwell, or whatever officer is present, made by a word from the Admiral the recipient of the whole downpour. What the officer wants to say is: "Please, Admiral, let me find a

nook where I can hide." Instead, he does the best he can, which is fine practice in self-possession.

The officers of the wardroom, where fever claimed every man a victim after leaving Colombo, are now the keenest of all in denying that lie that there were ever livers on board of the *Olympia*. Of course, livers may have been talked about at Manila, but Manila is history. The first requirement in the wardroom is that you shall not be a historian of Manila. They may talk about a peculiar resemblance between a burning nipa hut and Lieutenant Nelson's Manila cigars—the Lieutenant returns torture for torture by assuring them that he has more than enough to last him to New York—but they never talk of the part they played in the battle. That is a peculiarity of most officers of the regular army and of the navy. I never heard Colonel Stotsenberg or Colonel Egbert (who died as nobly as man can die) or General Funston, Lieutenant-Colonel Wallace, Captain Wheeler, or any one of a number of equally courageous officers in the Philippines tell how brave they are any more than I have heard the same thing from Captain Lamberton, or any other officer of the *Olympia*. Such talk seems to be reserved for certain correspondents who fall into wells on their way to

the firing-line and for officers with political appointments who get the information as to whether or not their outposts are driven in from their brigade commanders. The wardroom as well as the "steerage" holds that the honor of the victories belongs to the Admiral.

"He conceived, he organized his forces for, and he won, a great victory," said one officer. "To him belongs the credit."

At present, the badinage directed at one lieutenant who had a sword of honor offered to him by his native town has been directed at another, the Board of Aldermen of whose town want to escort him from New York to his home. The officers of the wardroom are very grateful, for they appreciate the intentions and the feelings of their fellow townsmen; but what they cannot understand is why anybody wants to make so much fuss about a few fellows who did what they were trained to do when they were told to do it. They cannot make speeches; they already begin to feel embarrassed at the prospect. Their inclination is to hide, as I have said. Some of them have wives, others have sweethearts, whom they have not seen for one or two years—and what is the hospitality of New York beside a sweetheart? Most of them,



NAT PHILLIPS, GUNNER
(who has had 15 years' service)



PURDY, THE "FATHER OF THE FORECASTLE" ON THE "OLYMPIA"

I think, would prefer to slip quietly in at the back door at home without any band to escort them and have a glass of milk and a piece of apple pie with the family; for they are Americans and not Orientals. They will do their duty, however. Down in the steerage among the juniors, they are proud because they think that their lot, owing to their position, will be easy. They are calculating, with clear consciences, that they can leave New York within a day or two after their arrival. This is fit. Sweethearts are sometimes more impatient than wives.

Having planned to make them well in the Mediterranean, the Admiral took the delight of a father on a holiday with his family in giving them leave and in even suggesting through Captain Lambertson, as an old hand in the Mediterranean, in what way they could gain the most pleasure and profit. Only officers enough to maintain the discipline of the ship were to remain aboard at any time, a just table of leave being arranged.

"Father Rainey," (the Chaplain) said the Admiral to the Captain, "will want to go to Rome, though he may be a little diffident about asking you. He must go. Sunday is a great day for his

church in Rome, and it is a fine opportunity for him."

Later in the week the Captain and Mr. Brumby also went to Rome together. It was suggested that the loosing of two such bold characters in civilian garb on the world might require an escort of Italian infantry. The Captain said, however, that they would try to get on without it.

Naples, August 8th.

CHAPTER VIII.

NAPLES.

"Another admiral's name is connected with this bay," it was suggested to the Admiral.

"Yes," he said, almost sharply, "but not pleasantly. He did wrong to hang that man. Of course influences were brought to bear upon him; unpleasant influences. Still it remains the great blot upon his name. Therefore I do not like to think of him in connection with Naples."

The Naples of to-day is different from the Naples of Nelson's day so far as the town is concerned. Even Southern Italy siestas permit that a town should be largely rebuilt in a hundred years. It cannot resist the march of invention and mechanical progress, although it studiously and successfully keeps far enough behind to exasperate the foreigner. Only Vesuvius, with the smoke ever pouring out of her chimney, the blue bay and the blue sky remain the same. But what would Nelson have thought of the *Olympia* with her turrets, armor and breechloading rifles; or of the Italian

men-of-war tied up to the quay near the arsenal? What would he think if all the photographic apparatus which has been in operation on board the Olympia this week had been brought on board the Victory? If it had, the biographies of him might have been as fully illustrated as the Admiral's lives will be. A snapshot of the call to quarters on the Olympia may yet be the basis of future bas-reliefs of monuments of the Admiral. The one which shows him on the deck of the Olympia, when she had drawn off after the first round with the Spaniards, in a Scotch cap, well drawn down over his ears, would scarcely do for a heroic bronze. It is a pity that we are so commonplace. Nelson in his full uniform with his decorations on his breast as a snapshot subject would have been something like the popular idea of the hero who goes into battle with one hand in his waistcoat and the other pointing toward the enemy.

The Admiral happened to make the remark about Nelson while he was waiting for a photographer to arrange his apparatus. In short, the Admiral has opened the flagship to photographers this week. For months he had been postponing the ordeal of having his own photograph taken. Photographers, who boasted that they had

never failed to get a great man, came all the way from New York to persuade him to pose and they surrendered before his "No" as quickly as a Filipino caught in a trench.

"When I am away from Manila I will think of it," he said.

That only one photograph of him except as a youth was in existence at the time of his victory is evidence enough of an enmity against the camera, in which he is not wholly alone. How miserable the photograph is all who have seen him will realize. It is in no wise worthy of his strong and handsome face. I doubt if any photograph ever will be. But a photograph which was a little more like the real George Dewey than the one with which we at home are most familiar was quite possible. Now that he was off duty and had regained his health, to say nothing of an increase of ten pounds in weight, he concluded that he might as well have the ordeal over in the Bay of Naples as anywhere else. An engagement was made with the Chevalier Mauri, who holds a license as photographer to the King of Italy, for nine o'clock Wednesday morning. The Chevalier, an old man, who is very proud of his "art," was on board before nine with all his apparatus. He went

all around the afterdeck feeling of the atmosphere, I judged by his gestures, to find out which was the best position for his camera. When he found it he proceeded to put up hangings and arrange screens, feeling both of the atmosphere and of them as he moved them a little this way or that. He was quite ready at a quarter to nine.

Meantime, the Admiral had been an onlooker for fifteen minutes. He had come out of the cabin at half-past eight, his breakfast over, saying: "I am ready, gentlemen." The morning was exceptionally fine; the view of the water, the hills and Vesuvius exceptionally clear. He spoke of this while he waited and then Nelson was mentioned with the reply which I have already quoted. "I am in your hands," he said to the photographer. "I will obey orders."

He was as good as his word while the ordeal lasted. Then he sought relief in a book in his cabin. The prints when they were shown to him in part repaid him for his trouble. They were the best he had ever had taken, he said. Upon hearing this, the Chevalier Mauri danced with delight and said, on his part, that previously the great man had not had the privilege of posing for an artist.

Having opened the gates, the flood came. All

you had to do was to go on board, set up a camera, and the ship was yours. The engines and even the Admiral's bed were photographed, I am told. One photographer had four hundred plates and was still unsatisfied. The officers were tired, but patient. The Jackies were taken doing about everything that a Jacky does on board ship, routine or otherwise. They had arguments among themselves, accompanied by a good deal of horse play. as to whether a hero ought to look serious or smile when he had his picture taken.

"You want to smile," said the man at the sewing machine. "Because why? Because the people expect to see you pleased to be a noble hero and not growling about it."

"No, you don't," said the man next to him who was sewing on buttons. "You want to look serious, as if the shot was raging all about you and you were thinking about home and mother."

"Best compromise, I guess," was the reply. "It's dead sure that if we don't, our faces will get so stiff we will have to have 'em ironed out to get back our natural expression, so our mothers 'll know us."

The photographers easily could have found all the officers on board at Manila, but there they were in no more mood, as a rule, to be photo-

graphed right and left than was the Admiral. Here if a photographer wants to "get" the wardroom or the steerage he finds half the officers gone. They are more interested in dinners than in photographs, more interested in seeing Pompeii than in having their pictures appear in the newspapers. They can have their photographs taken any day, but they can't go to Pompeii for a quarter any day.

Let there be no dissimulation! Dinners are the first consideration. The one thought of the man who has been at sea is a dinner ashore. The relief from the dinners in the mess, which must be more or less alike, owing to the Chinese cook's lack of originality, is only a small part of the question. There is an increase of appetite with the very change from sea to shore. In the wardroom the first officers to have leave compare notes on the various restaurants they have visited. By the fourth or fifth day they have decided which is the best restaurant in the town and all patronize it. The Consul may tell them which is, at the start, but they are not always convinced. They like to have the restaurants officially investigated. Consuls fall into the ways of the country. They cease to appreciate that a good

steak, potatoes and salad are the first requirements of a good dinner.

In the junior mess ("steerage," the wardroom calls it) they want dinners ashore, but they think less of them than of seeing whatever is going on. They, in the wardroom ("morgue," the junior mess calls it) have stomachs. So have the juniors, but they are not aware of it. The time of promotion from the junior mess to the wardroom is about the time when a man's habits become set and he realizes that he has a stomach. Unhappy fellow! He becomes a superior being, with an interior realization of it.

The restaurants in Naples being Neapolitan are not the best in the world according to our taste, whatever they may be according to Neapolitan taste. In any Neapolitan restaurant you will be told that a steak will be "done" for you in ten minutes. They bring it to you in twenty or thirty or forty, with the conscious importance of having been thorough. If you like your steak rare you simply have not the strength to speak. If you like it medium, you muster a few words of complaint. Then the waiter says that he understands your French or Italian and rushes off to have the steak put on the grill for ten minutes more.

An Italian steak is not large to begin with. It does not increase in size with continual frying. By the time it is ready for you, there is only a mouthful. After you have eaten it you must bear up patiently until the waiter has charged you for it. The officers get off without being charged twice too much. It is the Jackies, as a rule, whom the waiter considers a fair and sure prey. When I see an Italian waiter cheating one of our Jackies my natural instinct is to get that waiter by the collar and throw him into the street. But I don't; for I boast of belonging to a civilization superior to that of Southern Italy.

It may be a new or it may be an old saying. I am convinced, however, that Southern Italy, having Pompeii and Vesuvius, wants nothing more except full hotels, tips for their employees, and employment for her cabmen at her own price; her own price varying according to the nature and wealth of the customer.

Cabmen, guides and restaurants in somewise overcome, both officers and men enjoyed themselves in this choice part of the earth's surface over which hovers the romance of history. A few were able to take in Pompeii, Vesuvius and Rome,

too. Most contented themselves with one half or the other of the programme. A number of Jackies went to Rome. Fortified with return tickets they entertained no fears. On the Corso they met some British Jackies.

"Do you speak English?" the British Jackies asked.

"We did. We ain't sure now. But we guess we're Italians," the American Jackies replied, and they joined the British Jackies.

The Admiral himself did not go to any of the places of historical interest. He had seen them before when a young man. When the *Olympia* sailed this morning he had a record of one more dinner and one more reception than he had in Trieste; of more callers and of fewer drives ashore.

Naples, August 12.

CHAPTER IX.

LEGHORN.

About half of Naples and less than half of Leghorn knew who Admiral Dewey was. Many admirals come to both places and the populace thought that he was only another. Leghorn will be enlightened in the course of time, just as was Naples, by the local papers whose reporters will go on board the *Olympia* and ask what it was that the Admiral did that the Americans should make so much fuss over him. "Oh, just sailing around the world," the officer of the deck may say, very seriously. It is a long time to wait for news of May 1st, 1898, but the Italian papers get few and brief foreign telegrams. As so many of the lower classes cannot read, it would not matter much to them if they had many and long ones. The intelligent classes knew of him as one who had taken part in the war with Spain, which they think was a war of little account because Spain did not win. They also know of another American admiral, the one who sunk Cervera's squadron. They don't re-

member that admiral's name, although they are certain that they heard it at the time.

The single line in the local paper which announced the Admiral's arrival yesterday morning led the half dozen people who had American flags to run them up. They were either Americans or English, or were connected with America in a business way. By them and them alone one might have known of the event.

I asked the porter of the hotel—the hotel calls itself Anglo-American—if the Admiral had arrived yet and he asked a waiter if he knew anything about an Admiral Dewey.

"Yes," said the waiter. "He's the one the Americans are asking for. He's come all the way from some place called Colombo, in China."

There was a time—the manners of the men in the streets and the age of its buildings mark its passage—when Leghorn (or Livorno, as the Italians call it) was the great port for the export of the products of Northern Italy, and the import of the products which Northern Italy received in return from the countries over the sea. Its day may come again. Surely its day is not now. Genoa, with a better harbor, has gradually taken away its prosperity. All that is modern is the inevitable statue of Victor

Immanuel in the public square. Still retaining some of its trade, it pieces out the substance necessary to existence from the not too well filled purses of the great numbers of Italians who come here for the air and for bathing in summer. There is one resident American here, the Consul. A few English exporters and importers keep him company.

The two ensigns who had fallen into the hands of the first boatman to go out and who passed me with their bicycles on their way for their run ashore, did not have to wait on official calls. That is the beauty of being a junior. Poor Flag-Lieutenant Brumby lost two days' leave at Naples because the official calls strung out to such length.

If there is anything wrong in the cabin there is something in the air on deck which makes you realize it. Besides this, I noticed that the Admiral's barge was still lashed in its place and apparently was not to be taken down with the launch. "Bob" was not rushing up and down, looking wistfully at the shore.

"Yes, the Admiral is not feeling well and he will not go ashore to-day," said the officer of the deck.

Or, in the language of Captain Lamberton, "Nothing serious, and just off his ration a little."

It is the Admiral's weakness to be too good-

natured and to think too little of himself and too much of the comfort of others. Perhaps those whose dinners he ate at Naples will feel guilty when they hear the news, although a little indisposition is as likely to happen to an admiral as to anybody else without any apparent reason. If a touch of illness makes the *Olympia* so gloomy, one wonders what would be the aspect of things if he were really ill. Then the doctor took matters into his own hands and bade the Admiral remain in bed until he was better. That left Captain Lambertson and Lieutenant Brumby to call upon the Prefect of the Department, the Mayor of the City, and the General Commanding the Troops, and to return the call of the Captain of the Port, which they did, in the company of the Consul. When the Admiral is up he will find a clean slate and he is promised the quietest week he has had at any port except at Hong Kong. It was not absolutely necessary that he should go to bed provided that he would keep still out of bed, which is the hardest thing in the world for the Admiral to do; so the doctor would take no chances.

He never said as much to a foreign admiral, any more than a foreign admiral who felt in the same way said as much to him. I have other

authority for the conviction that our Admiral finds official calls by proxy an excellent institution. Official calls there must be, if we are to have international law, and if tourists when they visit foreign lands wish to avoid taking a conquering army with them as a passport. It is by these tokens that nations express their friendly feeling at the same time that they let one another know of the existence of their forts and men-of-war. "You have a beautiful ship," says—he may be an honest, truthful man, and believe her an old tub—the gentleman in a cocked hat who goes on board the visiting vessel.

"You have a beautiful harbor," says—he may be a truthful, honest man, too, just as surely as the harbor is a breakwater in front of a low-lying beach—the gentleman in fatigue uniform who has received the gentleman in the cocked hat and conducted him to his cabin.

Then the gentleman in the cocked hat goes back to his own ship as his headquarters to change cocked hat for cap, waits for the other to put on his cocked hat and return the call, when they say the same things over again.

You can see the hypocrisy of it, yet you can see the danger of it, if they should say, "So your old

tub didn't founder on the voyage, eh?" and "What a mudhole of a harbor you have!"

Gradually the thing is being simplified. The time may come when it may all be done by pressing buttons on a patent saluting-and-exchange-official-courtesies-machine in the signal-tower at the entrance to a port. Slipping the blank shells into a five-inch breechloader is an improvement over the nine-inch muzzleloaders of the old days—they requiring a little fortune in powder, half a day's work to salute the port, and an admiral or two—which the youngsters of the navy fail to appreciate. An officer of the *Olympia* recalls a piping hot day in the Dardenelles, when a fez and a coat covered with gold lace came aboard to say that a Turkish admiral was entitled to nineteen, not seventeen, guns, and the Jackies had to do the salute over again. Flag-lieutenants, who have to keep track of the regulations, have been known to express a prejudice in favor of the Chinese method. Chinese forts give great and small, lieutenants commanding torpedo-boats and admirals commanding fleets, all the same salute, three guns, when they have the fuse and powder. When they have not, they send word to the visitor that if he would like a salute and will lend them the

materials, and perhaps the gunners, he may have it.

Whatever his attitude toward them as a recreation, the Admiral is certainly a good hand at official calls. An easy address is half the battle. He lends to them a charm which formalities seldom have. As he stands at the gangway with outstretched hand of welcome, he is the picture of the urbane and delighted host. Though he may have to speak through an interpreter, the conversation never lags. He likes to have all who are coming to pay official calls appear in rapid succession so that he can be off in his barge to repay them before he has time to lose his enthusiasm. If he had his way, when he arrives in a port at daylight, he would have all the calls over by the rising hour of the average maritime prefect; at least, by ten o'clock. Next to official ceremonies, impatience is most wearing on him. If he himself were ever late for an appointment, the event has not been recorded, as it would be almost to a certainty on account of its extraordinary nature.

Like most men of great talent, he has peculiar traits. There are some things which are as hard on him as making a speech—trying to make one—was on General Grant. An hour's wait for an of-

ficial visit takes more of his strength than five hours' extra work at routine duties. The "dolce far niente" manner of the officials at Naples in paying their calls, those banquets and the reception at Naples—these made it necessary, by making the Admiral ill, for Captain Lamberton to pay as well as to receive the official calls here.

He was not well enough to be out of bed for an hour after the Prefect, the General and the Admiral had left the flagship. Then the card of Signor Mazi, Vice-Consul of the United States at Leghorn, was brought to him. The Admiral recognized the name at once. Any naval officer on the active list who has ever been on the European station, would. Signor Mazi has been our Vice-Consul at Leghorn for thirty years, teaching consul after consul his duties and how to speak Italian, and then, having finished the task, has seen the graduate go away and the new pupil come. He has been kind to them in their hours of darkness without being proud; and he has never made their ignorance his own profit as some vice-consuls do. Throughout Leghorn he is familiarly known by his *bonhomie*, his explosive voice, and his *By Jingo*s, not to say his *By Thunders*.

"By Jingo, sir, he saw me; saw me, sir, by Jin-

go," he said. "He's the same Dewey. By thunder, there's no side about him. When you see some of the fellows in gold braid strutting around, fellows by Jingo that never smelt powder—yes, by Jingo, sir, and think they're Lord Almightyes! And by Jingo, when this man that wiped out a Spanish fleet like knocking the ashes off a cigar!—changed the destiny of a nation!—asks me to come right in before he gets his coat on—by Jingo, sir, it makes me thundering proud to be Vice-Consul of the United States, sir."

"'You haven't grown old a day', he said.

"'And you haven't,' I said. 'By Jingo, we're both young men yet.'

"'It's a long time since we first met, Mr. Mazi,' he said. 'I was an ensign on the Wabash then. You've seen me an ensign, a lieutenant, and a captain, and now you see me an admiral.'

"'Yes, by Jingo,' I said; 'and I see what you ought to be, by the Mighty Thunders.'

"He's one of my boys. I don't forget these fine fellows that come here on our Uncle Sam's ships, by Jingo. I remember George Dewey, ensign, lieutenant, captain. Straight up and down, ship-shape, orderly gentleman, by Jingo. A little of a lord, a little of a martinet in that way he had of

carrying himself. Never a lord in what he said and did. By Jingo, I knew there was something in him.

“When I heard of that battle of Manila, I nearly jumped over the deck, and said: ‘That’s my captain of the Pensacola, by the Mighty Thunders. He made the Jackies toe the mark, and now he’s put the Spaniards under the yoke. My George Dewey! The hour I spent with him was worth a year of my life, by Jingo! Ah, we who were youngsters in the fifties when we meet again have the advantage of you youngsters of to-day. The grand man! I wanted to put my arms around him and fold him to my heart, by the Mighty Thunders!’”

If an untrained consular service always produced such lovable, faithful and capable vice-consuls as Mr. Mazi, I should be in favor of it.

It is remarkable that Leghorn, this out-of-the-way place, should also have a superior man for consul. Mr. Smith is from Vermont. He actually speaks the language of the country to which he is accredited. With one from his own State, the Admiral felt perfectly at home.

“If you would really care for it, I should like to give you a luncheon or hold a reception for you at my house,” said the Consul.

"Now, don't, please don't," was the reply of one speaking to home folks.

"I understand," said the Consul.

"Have you read David Harum?" the Admiral asked. "Isn't it very true of some of the people we know up in Vermont?"

Then he and the Consul called to mind all the people in Vermont whom they both knew, and enjoyed themselves immensely.

Leghorn, August 13.

CHAPTER X.

LEGHORN.

At last the Admiral knows what is in store for him in New York. Within an hour after he received General Butterfield's letter containing the complete programme, a reply was in the orderly's mail bag. From the first, the Admiral had been afraid of banquets, and here was the news that there were to be none. The General's letter could not have come at a more opportune moment. A good night's sleep had made the Admiral completely himself again.

Thus, recovered from the effects of little dinners in Naples, he no longer might fear that if Manila Bay was his Austerlitz a big New York reception might be his Waterloo.

When I went over to the flagship this morning at nine, the recipient-to-be of the greatest ovation the American people have ever given to any man was walking up and down the after-deck with his dog "Bob" at his heels. I had come to see him at the hour between his breakfast and the des-

patch of business or the reception of visitors, when he is least occupied and most likely to enjoy a chat. As I went aft to a seat to wait until Mr. Brumby should know that I had the eternal request to see the Admiral to make again, the Admiral happened to look in my direction.

"Good morning," he called out, and beckoned to me in a manner which suggested that the customary formality was superfluous.

There was an unusual amount of color in his face. He had been walking with his hands behind him, with his head thrown up a little as if he considered that the world on the whole was a good one on account of some new and pleasing trait which had just been practically illustrated to him. He was handsome and happy enough to fit the part of the most beloved of seventy millions of people. I had brought to him a reversible plate of the photograph, which he had chosen as his favorite among eight poses. Old Chevalier Mauri, who took these photographs at Naples, had taken special care with the plate, which he had asked me to give to the Admiral.

"That is fine, clever. It's the same if you look at it on either side, only on one side my ring is on



THE ADMIRAL'S FAVORITE PICTURE

my left hand. It is really the best photograph I have ever had taken."

It was the morning for the call to general quarters. The marines were lined up on one side of the deck and the Jackies on the other. Every officer was on duty and had his sword on. In another minute or two the lines would suddenly break up and every man would rush for some part of the ship with the impetuosity of boys out of school. It would seem for the moment as if order had been turned into chaos, and the ship's company had become three hundred different men with three hundred different minds. A moment later, behold! every man, the subject of one mind and one idea, was at the place assigned to him, ready for his part in helping to throw every ounce of metal that the ship was capable of against an enemy.

Lieutenant Hourigan, one of the handsomest officers in the navy, was walking up and down inspecting the line of Jackies, when it crossed the mind of the master of everything from bow to stern that he wanted somebody to share with him the pleasure of looking at a reversible plate.

"Mr. Hourigan," he said, turning toward the

Lieutenant, who did not hear distinctly and thought that the Admiral was addressing someone else.

"Mr. Hourigan," he repeated.

"Yes, sir—I didn't understand, sir."

Mr. Hourigan saluted and came forward, and Mr. Hourigan's face was crimson. He didn't know what was coming.

The Admiral's eyes twinkled. I have already said that he was happy this morning.

"Isn't that very clever, Mr. Hourigan?" he asked, holding up the plate. "It is both a positive and a negative. You can tell the negative because my ring is on my left hand."

"Yes, sir," was the reply. "That is an extremely good photograph of you, sir."

The Lieutenant was smiling now. So was the whole ship's company as he saluted and returned to his duties. Nevertheless, every marine was looking straight ahead and no part of the routine had been delayed a second—only Mr. Hourigan had paced up and down the line one time less.

"Orderly," said the Admiral, "tell Ah Ling to come here," and there was a soft step and a "Yessee" at his elbow.

"Ah Ling, I am going to take this to Montpelier

with me. (The Admiral, who has a fondness for doing things for himself, was replacing the plate in the box while Ah Ling eyed it waiting for his chance.) You put a lot of paper in with it, and pack it very tightly so there will be no danger of its breaking."

"Yessee," and no doubt that plate will be so fortified that it would not break if the box were to fall off Trinity Church steeple onto Broadway.

"We had better go up on the bridge," said the Admiral. "We shall soon be in the way here, with the exception of 'Bob,' who has no exactly defined duties but a general supervision over everything. A rush to quarters is great fun for him. I think he would like one ten times a day."

The Admiral went up the steps to the after-bridge with as light a foot as a man of twenty years. From there the rush to quarters assumes a scenic importance which it does not possess when you are below on deck and trying to find a nook where you will not prevent some Jacky from fully doing his duty. The length and breadth of the vessel lie at your feet.

"Aren't they a fine body of men?" he exclaimed, with a gesture toward the Jackies. "When the Archbishop of Manila came on board after we

took the city, he said, "You must be very proud to command such a body of men as this, Admiral!"

" 'Yes,' I said, 'I am. They belong to the American navy, which has the finest body of men in the world.' "

That was rubbing it in a little and I believe the Admiral knew it was. He will never forget that this same archbishop, in a proclamation urging resistance before the taking of the city, called us the "scum of the earth." This same archbishop was in the cellar of his palace eating ices during the unnecessary conflict which the honor of the Spanish army had demanded.

Suddenly the chaos began. Above all the noise of hurrying feet could be heard the bugle and the executive officer's voice. The crew, seeming to pay no attention to either, was executing the commands of both before the call was given or the word spoken.

"See 'Bob'!" the Admiral exclaimed. "He is crazy with excitement. I wonder what he would do in a fight. Poor old 'Bob,' we'd have you tied hard and fast in the hold where you would be out of the way and out of danger.

Then the Admiral noticed some point which he did not like. "That is unnecessary. It is a waste

of energy and an impediment. If I were on a board of inspection I should go for that."

Inspections even in our navy are sometimes nominal. They never were, as naval officers well know, when he was on the board. A year ago he was a rigid disciplinarian. Now the discipline of the *Olympia* is greatly relaxed. She is on a holiday cruise. The Admiral overlooks errors which would have been brought sharply to book before the battle and when he was at Manila, and which will be if he ever takes command of a squadron again. With the breech mechanism of the guns clicking; with the marines on the forward bridge going through the motions of loading and firing, you might think you had a vivid idea of the *Olympia* as she appeared on the morning when she approached the entrance to Manila Bay. For all intents and purposes there was only one gun on the vessel for the one who was firing it or helping to fire it, whether carbine or eight-inch. For the firemen she was a maw to consume coal; for the Chinamen in the hold an ammunition hoist; for the engineers only a ship which must be propelled.

But the difference between the call to quarters and that before the battle was great and such as you would naturally expect, if you stop to think

for a moment. Then there were no bugle and no calls. The word was passed and every man went quietly to his place, where he waited with the straining nerves and the clear eye of the hound in leash. The work so far as training went was done. They were ready.

"I have just received General Butterfield's letter," the Admiral said. "I want to accommodate the committee in every way I can and disappoint no one. He states how difficult it is to time any function upon the arrival of a vessel. The whole guard of the State will be there he says. They must have a little time to mobilize in New York after they get the word, so I shall make assurance doubly sure. I shall be in the Lower Bay on the afternoon of the 29th instead of the 30th. The Reception Committee may depend upon that. We are leaving here on Monday evening at six and we shall be at Villefranche at eight on Tuesday morning. After a week there we shall go to Gibraltar and we shall leave Gibraltar on the 12th of September instead of the 15th, as I had originally intended."

"And you are not going to England, as I read in an English paper that you were?"

"No, no. I am not going to England. There is

not time. I have not asked for an audience with the Pope; I am not going inland. Who starts these rumors, I wonder? We shall go straight across the Atlantic until we reach the Gulf Stream. Then we shall cruise about in the open not far from New York Bay until the morning of the 29th, when we shall enter it and keep our appointment. Yes, we are taking more than abundant time. The Olympia bent the blades of one of her propellers in the Suez. So we are running with one engine."

He turned to the boy who is posted on the bridge.

"Ascertain how much running on a single engine affects her steering," he said.

"Three degrees, sir," was the quick reply.

"How do you know?" with an accent on the "you."

"I steered her, sir."

"Thank you," said the Admiral, with a wink not intended for the boy.

Jacky saluted and went to the other end of the bridge. With Jacky out of hearing the Admiral said:

"He knows," with an accent on the "he," and

that little toss of the head. "Was I right in my reply to the Archbishop of Manila?"

This Jacky has charge of the signal flags. By his dialect he is from New York. He is a good example of what the American navy can do with a boy from the Bowery (where young men are usually so smart that they are above discipline) in teaching him self-respect, self-reliance, respect for others, providing him with a good position and making him an honor to his country if he is taken when he is young.

"The programme which the committee has in view has evidently been arranged with great care. And there are no banquets—no banquets," he continued.

"And the suggestions? General Butterfield wants any which you care to make."

"I have made none except that the seamen of the Olympia march ahead of the marines. Yes, I have another," as it came to him on the moment. "The band is not strong enough to march those five miles and play in the meantime. When it reached Madison Square it would not have breath to play a tune. Yes, I would like to have the committee provide another band."

He called Lieutenant Caldwell, his private sec-

retary, up to the bridge and dictated a letter to that effect at once.

"The Marine Band might lead the seamen," it was suggested.

"Yes, that would be first class," was the reply. "They deserve it after thirteen months in Manila Bay."

Nothing in the programme impressed him so much as the presence of the whole National Guard of New York. This seemed to bring him nearer than ever before to an understanding of how much his countrymen appreciate him. Even now he realizes it only in part. In all his remarks as well as in his manner he showed the great pleasure which it gives him to know that his service has been satisfactory to his employers; he showed a desire, as far as his strength would permit, to let his countrymen know that he is grateful for their welcome.

Looking at him and his ship and thinking of what he is in the hearts of a nation, it is not surprising that he asks with a smile and that little toss of his head:

"What more can I want than to be a full admiral in the United States navy?"

Leghorn, August 18.

CHAPTER XI.

LEGHORN.

The Admiral has been ashore only twice during all his stay here. He went for a drive, and he accepted Mr. Ray's invitation to dinner. Mr. Ray is an exporter of oils. He met the Admiral when the Admiral was here as Captain of the *Pensacola*. That settled it. Anyone in the Mediterranean who knew the Admiral as captain, lieutenant or ensign—particularly as ensign—has a place in his heart. He enjoyed himself very much at Mr. Ray's. There were no great formalities, but something to eat and pleasant conversation. When he went to drive it was with the Consul. The rest of the time he had his outings on the deck. From the *Olympia* the breakwater allowed you to see only the smokestacks of the town; and from the town you could see only the masts of the *Olympia*. Her isolation did not keep the crowd away. In this, as in other instances, the good nature of the American was often taken to mean a mile by those who are not accustomed to an inch and know no

happy medium, only to find that even with us the line is drawn at a certain place. The captain of the tug which was taking visitors out to the Olympia at excursion rates, asked the Consul if all other craft could not be ordered away at certain hours so that he would lose no time in getting up to the gangway. If this favor had been granted he would probably have wanted the Admiral to receive all Leghorn in person at the gangway and tell them how the Battle of Manila Bay was won.

Now when the flagship is open to all visitors a Jacky is kept on duty walking back and forth across the upper deck just forward of the skylights which open into the Admiral's cabin. A number of women were found with their heads through the skylights looking into the Admiral's private apartment one day. At another time a number of visitors burst in on the Admiral while he was at his desk. It was more awkward for them than for the Admiral perhaps. The executive officer concluded that the Admiral's word to let all who so wished visit the flagship at certain hours did not imply that they were to see all the ship; for example, that they were to pass through the quarters of the officers and look in at the open door of a "hero" who was off duty and sound asleep.

In the twilight if not in the dark as to who the Admiral was when he came, Leghorn was not slow to learn. The Admiral must bear on his broad shoulders the responsibility of the decay of any number of American flags in Naples before some other American cruiser comes to this port. On the second day the keepers of the bathing pavilions, the cafés chantants and the "shows" along the waterfront critically examined the five or six American flags in the town and sent to the shops for red, white and blue bunting. Then they set their wives to work sewing the strips of bunting together, this in front of their places of business as a guarantee of good faith. The stripes were easy enough. But the stars? The stars were too many. According to some of the seamstresses of Leghorn we are still a nation not of the original thirteen colonies, but of seven or eight States. Such abbreviation was necessary to haste. The flag must be over the door of the café at once; you must make hay while the sun shines. So far as I can learn, Leghorn was strong in the belief—probably emanating from some report of the prize-money paid to the Jackies—that the Jackies had robbed the Spaniards whom they had butchered at Manila of millions in gold, which they were in

a hurry to spend. Leghorn regarded our seamen more or less as a spectator would have regarded so many Spanish swashbucklers who had sacked a town in the Low Countries. We are a very brutal people, no doubt, for we fight with our fists in personal encounters. The only unpleasant incident of the Olympia's visit here was a stab which one of our seamen received in the back. He was a man of excellent character aboard ship, and he was not drunk at the time of the occurrence; but he had refused to pay all the account which had been charged to him at a café.

Good Consul Smith happened to be at a café one evening where four Jackies were dining. When the Jackies' bill was brought he asked them to let him see it, and they passed it over with the look of pleasurable surprise on their faces which might be expected from meeting one who spoke English. He enumerated each item on the bill, asking his fellow countrymen if they had had what was written against them. They said "no" or "yes" readily. There were some mischarges. He called attention to them in a manner which left no room for argument; no room for gesticulation except an assenting shrug of the shoulders. Among the items was sixteen beefsteaks.

"Did you have sixteen beefsteaks?" the Consul asked.

"You bet," was the prompt reply.

"How is that?"

"Well," said the spokesman, "we're fed all right, aboard ship. No man ever goes hungry there—it's Uncle Sam's navy. Humph! Better'n any dago officers get! Ashore what you want is fresh meat. What you think of on the voyage is steaks, layin' 'em in with a shore appetite. We asked for steaks. They brought us what they call steaks. We sized the little things up, and concluded that enough of 'em on a pinch would go far enough. We pointed to 'em and held up three fingers. That guy, the waiter, thought we was mad. He wasn't going to order 'em. So we reached in our pockets and showed him the dough. That settled him. He knew we was lunatics, but lunatics with dough was all right. That's all we wanted, and we got it. Sure, a lot of trimmings came with it. We didn't care. We let the Spaniards have 'em and laid in the steaks."

The Consul was convinced of their honesty if not of their diplomacy. To Jacky the merry-go-rounds, the menageries, wax works, song-and-dance booths and the freaks along the beach con-

stituted a Coney Island which did not speak English. What amused him most was the shooting galleries. The distance to the target was about five yards. I took notice of two marines who patronized one of these booths. They both hit the target again and again, and then—as I said, they are poor diplomatists—they laughed at the owner.

“You do not play fair,” said the owner. “You hit it every time. Ah, you would not have whipped the Spaniards if you had played fair.”

Many of the officers visited Pisa, and some went to Florence. Consul Smith was entirely at their service. Under the chaperonage of Mrs. Smith a number of young ladies went off to lunch on the flagship. Afterward, toward evening, there was dancing on the deck. The only disappointment was that the Chaplain, Father Rainey, refused all entreaties to put his head into the position it was in when the bursting of a shell just outside the port led to a sudden retreat. Possibly his modesty was due to the fact that, officially speaking, he had no business with his head sticking outside a port hole. His business was below ministering to the spiritual wants of the numerous wounded.

The Chaplain's excuse is that he wanted to see the fight.

On the evening following the afternoon of the second dance on board, the leading café chantant had a gala night in honor of the presence of the Olympia. The American coat-of-arms was over the stage; and the walls were draped with our colors and decorated with flowers. Most of the officers, excepting the Admiral, were in the boxes. Fregolt, the man with the mobile countenance, who amused music hall audiences at home some time ago, made their coming well worth while. After the performance Mr. and Mrs. Smith gave a little reception at their house.

All in all, dry-as-bones old Leghorn furnished the Admiral with as much rest and the officers with as much entertainment as either Naples or Trieste. At six p. m. precisely this evening her White Majesty moved toward the horizon en route for Villefranche, where she will arrive to-morrow morning.

Leghorn ,August 23.

CHAPTER XII.

NICE.

It is plain enough that the Admiral is in France. There is all the difference between the official reception here and in Italian ports that there is in the finish that a French and an Italian laundry puts on your shirts: in the care which a Nice cabby takes of his cab and a Neapolitan cabby does not take of his: in a French woman's and an Italian woman's way of holding her skirts. The Olympia came into the harbor of Villefranche as jauntily as a French woman steps over a crossing, only, of course, she did not show quite so much of her shoes. She was received as gracefully as monsieur could offer his hand to any lady. The French may not think that the Admiral won a great victory: their sympathies in the late war may have been with Spain. A morning paper, in an account of the Admiral's deeds, says: "Our readers know that he is celebrated for having destroyed with a modern squadron, well armed and armored, the poor wooden

ships of the Spaniards grouped under his cannon at Cavite." Possibly that is the general opinion of the French people. It does not matter this way or that to anybody, unless to them, what they think. For, thanks to French punctiliousness, officers and men have had every favor they could desire or expect, unless they were Russians. If they had been Russians they would have been hugged and kissed, so they are glad that they are not Russians.

The Admiral said that he would be here at eight a. m., and at just eight a. m. the Olympia was made fast to the buoy nearest the shore which Monsieur the Commissaire had reserved. If her position were any indication you might think that Monsieur the Commissaire's politeness had prompted her to emerge from the exclusiveness which has kept her well out from the land heretofore. I am afraid that there is just a little affectation in this eternal punctuality of Captain Lambertton. The deviation of a few minutes from schedule time would vary the monotony.

Monsieur the Commissaire was at Villefranche at seven, ready to welcome the Admiral in the name of Vice-Admiral de la Jaille, Maritime Prefect of Toulon. He would have been an unhappy

man if a full admiral had been compelled to wait an hour after his flagship anchored to receive this welcome. At six the Olympia was sighted from the signal station. A little later a yacht just coming out of the harbor dipped her colors to her. The Admiral had missed seeing the King of Greece in his Amphitrite, who was on his way to Trieste. If the King had not the satisfaction of seeing the Captain of the Pensacola, who so greatly pleased him by his bearing, a full admiral as he had hoped, he could see the blue flag with four white stars which has floated from her mast since the President signed a certain act of Congress. As she came in between the two points at the entrance of the harbor, her bulk of white, under the sky of the Mediterranean and in the waters of the Mediterranean, giving her an appearance of more than her real size, she was a thing of power as well as beauty. She was magnificent. The officers on board the French men-of-war appreciated the picture which no vessel not white can present. Without the reputation of being an artistic nation, we, nevertheless, pay for the extra paint to make our men-of-war as white as the Republic. But we have not a reputation for economy, and the French have. They paint their men-

of-war in dingy tone which, in the reflection of the water, turns graceful lines into ugly ones. The nucleus of our modern navy, the White Squadron, was distinctive in its color. Now our whole navy is. If any other nation imitates us, we shall be in the mood of the man who thought he was to be alone in his sleeping compartment from Paris to Marseilles, and found that he had a companion.

Rear Admiral Bienaimé, who commands the superior school of the navy, was in the harbor before the Admiral, having come here as a matter of respect to one holding the position of full admiral in the navy of a friendly power. His flagship, the Admiral Charner, and the Davoust and Friant were grouped around the vacant buoy which awaited the coming of the distinguished guest. Villefranche has never received a full admiral before, as a matter of fact. There are none in the French navy now, and have been none since the Prince de Joinville. The Olympia was just opposite the batteries of Cap de Mt. Boron; in the next moment she was to fire the salute to the port—when the Admiral Charner without waiting on ceremony fired instead of the seventeen guns due a full admiral the nineteen guns due an admiral of the fleet. This was a fine piece of courtesy; a

gracious recognition of the Admiral's high position. It might have been expected from ally to ally; from friendly nation to friendly nation it was almost without precedent. The initiative for it came from the Government in Paris.

"America has no navy; she has no regular army," French officials said before the war. "She had a civil war of peasants and clerks carrying rifles. This must not lead her to think that she can make war with a martial nation. Ranchers and shopkeepers do not understand military science. Her guns are obsolete. There is no discipline on her men-of-war. They might fight American ships but not European. The end is not far to see."

A Berlin!

The journals of the gutter and the masses now say that the mighty with overwhelmingly superior force of arms, bore down upon the weak, robbing them of their property and butchering their soldiers. But the thinking men of France realize how impolitic they were in wasting their sympathy on Spain. To atone for this, tardily, they have made it a point to be polite to the Admiral.

The Olympia, after saluting the port, returned the Admiral Charner's salute with nineteen guns.

or as many as the Admiral received from her, according to custom. With the echo of her guns dying away while she was swinging up to the buoy, the strains of the Marsellaise burst from the band of the Olympia's after-deck. "I know your song. We have a song of freedom in America. Already I feel at home," the visitor seemed to say.

That won the heart of every Frenchman in the harbor. The journalist who wrote the spiteful words that I have quoted must have instantly turned penitent, or he was no Gaul. The Admiral Charner responded by her bugles beating the call *aux champs* and manning the yards. It is a rainy day when a monsieur cannot be as polite as a mister.

In ten minutes after the Olympia was at anchor Admiral Bienaimé was on board to pay his official call. Admiral Dewey told him what a pleasure it was to visit a port which he associated with the most pleasant recollections; and he drank a glass of champagne with Admiral Bienaime. After Admiral Bienaimé came Monsieur the Commissaire, in the proper order and at the right moment, mounting the gangway with a step as light as that of the Admiral himself. He expressed to the

Admiral the best wishes of the Maritime Prefect of Toulon. The Admiral said that he would send Captain Lamberton ashore on the following day to return the call.

At one o'clock, the hour agreed upon, the Admiral, in his barge, with Lieutenant Brumby accompanying him, was at the gangway of the Admiral Charner.

Nice, August 24.

CHAPTER XIII.

NICE.

Ambassador Porter being in Norway on his vacation, Mr. Vignaud, who has grown gray and doctinaire and more and more affable as Secretary of the Embassy in Paris, came to Nice to welcome the Admiral. He alighted at 2:45 p. m. from the Paris express on the afternoon of the Admiral's arrival. After he had washed off the dust of travel and eaten his luncheon at the hotel in Nice, he took the train for Villefranche and was on board the Olympia at 4:30 p. m. Mr. Piatti, the Vice-Consul, who was acting in place of Mr. Van Buren, the Consul, accompanied him. He had authority to offer the Admiral all the ambassadorial hospitality which now may be said to be a precedent. Still, authority, although given for use, may not always be used. The "Now don't" which the Admiral spoke to his fellow Vermonter at Leghorn, was understood. There was to be no oratorical request for the Admiral to describe in an impromptu speech how he won the battle of

Mamila. No attaché was to take thirty minutes explaining why the Admiral ought to call on an emperor! Nobody at all was to try to grind the little axe of reclame—who has not one up his sleeve?—on the epaulettes bearing four stars! Mr. Vignaud did not even ask to have his name put in the papers. As I have said, he is old in the service. Ambassador Porter himself is not so very young. Both are just a little too old to believe in bon mots in bad weather as a means of restoring health. Mr. Vignaud said that it was quite unnecessary for the Admiral to return his call individually. The style set in Naples did not appeal to him. He saw no reason why he should wait in sombre state upstairs in his room at the hotel for the Admiral to come. Are not we all good Americans in one great family? Mr. Vignaud, in his many years of service, has absorbed this great principle to the marrow of his bones. So he went over to the Consulate in the morning—over to the United States—and was there when the Admiral and Mr. Brumby in full dress drove up to the door. They had a little family chat. Then the Admiral and Mr. Brumby drove off to return the call of the Prefect. For you see Mr. Vignaud had come to Nice really to show the Ad-

miral the respect Mr. Porter felt due to the returning victor of Manila, and to make a great man of his own country, seeking rest and recuperation, as comfortable as possible; that being what you call courtesy. Mr. Vignaud took the afternoon express for Paris. I find that most of our diplomatic and consular servants who are old in the service or are fitted to belong to a trained service, are actuated in their relation toward their fellow countrymen by that pure spirit of Americanism which actuates the head of another trained service, the navy. Without becoming guilty of an editorial, and at the same time giving vent to my feelings, I must say what a pity it is that we haven't a trained diplomatic service, because it would be the finest of trained diplomatic services! It takes ten years of life abroad rightly to appreciate your own country. If Ambassador Porter and Mr. Vignaud had thought a great dinner was the proper thing I have reason to believe that it would not have been managed badly.

For the first time the Admiral here refused to see the local newspaper men. It is quite unlikely that an English admiral or a German admiral, holding the same high position, would have seen them at any port. There is good reason for the Admi-

ral's change of front. He has fallen into the hands of that wonderful being, the Continental journalist. From all the information I can gain, men of great position in Europe do not see journalists because they do not want to be represented as making the most sensational utterances that could come from their lips as public characters. Without seeing the Admiral the Continental journalist has said that the Admiral had asked for an audience with the Pope and was going to Rome if he could get it; that he and eight of the officers of his staff—there are three officers on an American admiral's staff—were going to rush to Carlsbad as soon as they arrived at Trieste to be cured of a terrible disease—no specifications, the cafés not indulging in specifications—which was peculiar to the tropics; that he was going—this correspondent did not think that the Admiral needed baths—straight to Hamburg and take a North German Lloyd steamer home; that the Admiral had said that he was suffering so much from nervousness on the day of the battle of Manila Bay that he deserved small credit for the victory. Each one of these reports was about as reasonable as one that President McKinley, in order to make himself King of Santa

Domingo, was going to lead a party of filibusters in person.

If the Continental journalist could imagine all these things without seeing the Admiral what could he not imagine when he actually saw him? What he did imagine after seeing the Admiral is almost enough to justify the attitude of the European celebrity toward the press. He made the man whose official letters prove him to be a diplomatist anything but a diplomatist. It must be admitted that the worst offender was an American trained in the Continental school of journalism. The Admiral was made to say publicly that our next war would be with a nation which is the ally of a nation the hospitality of whose port he was then enjoying. So important a pronouncement was not to be obtained by a newspaper correspondent sending in his card as such. He used one of the cards which did not describe his occupation—a kind of card which is most serviceable in the work of taking account of the private lives of notabilities at the different health resorts of Europe. In its apology this paper spoke of him as a dilettante correspondent. Such correspondents usually are dilettantes. They are doctors, lawyers, anything but journalists. They don't care to have

their occupation known any more than certain other members of society do. The detective on the track of crime does not say that he is a detective. This fellow had served his master for years as a dilletante correspondent.

You might say to the Admiral:

"They say that the Germans meant to interfere at Manila."

"Yes, so they say," the Admiral will reply, in a manner of doubt.

There you have the basis for a tremendous interview. As long as you have to get an interview it is soothing to the conscience to know that you have met the Admiral, although that is not necessary. An interview can be made by using pen, ink and paper. There is no censorship.

The Admiral was confronted upon his arrival here with inquiries about another supposed interview which appeared in a London paper. He could not recall having met anyone from this paper. Flag-Lieutenant Brumby and Secretary Caldwell, through whose hands all cards for the Admiral must pass, said that they had never seen the name of this paper on any card. Whereupon it was concluded that a temporary rule, reluctantly made, by which Mr. Brumby was to see the jour-

nalists in place of the Admiral, would answer present purposes. In Trieste he determined neither to affirm nor to deny anything that was printed about him, on the principle that if he did so once he would have to keep it up.

In truth the Admiral has been brought face to face with the consequences of his great popularity since he arrived in Europe. He has found that whatever he says has such a weight as to tempt men to distort his slightest remark into one of political importance. There is a growing fondness on board the *Olympia* for the little group of journalists who were in Manila. If they did not shine in their own time they shine now by comparison. His censorship of their despatches was largely one of love. Only when the General, in the natural course of marking the line where the authority of the army ended and that of the navy began, seemed to presume a little upon the Admiral's good nature, and we wanted to publish the facts, he wouldn't allow it because of his belief for the sake of the cause that quarrels in the family should not pass beyond the ears of the family.

That first smart comment of the French journalist on our inhumanity in destroying wooden ships

was followed by others from the pens of gentlemen who had to write something in lieu of the interview which they had expected to get from the Admiral. Among the kindly things was this from the pen of one, who, from a glimpse of the Admiral, had, in a measure, fallen under his spell but could not escape national convictions any more than national style:

“Nous nous trouvions à bord de l'Olympia lorsque l'amiral Dewey a quitté le croiseur pour se rendre auprès du contre-amiral Bienaimé. Il passa près de nous, au milieu du respect attendri de ses matelots qui, en dépit de leur variété de nationalités, professent pour lui une admiration sans bornes et un dévouement absolu.

“De taille moyenne, le corps bien pris en une élégante tunique, le bicorne à galons d'or fièrement campé sur ses cheveux saupoudrés de neige, l'amiral Dewey a vraiment fière mine. L'allure cependant est plutôt celle d'un fringant officier de cavalerie que celle d'un marin. La physionomie pleine et colorée dont une forte moustache blanche, aux pointes relevées, avive le teint, décele l'énergie, souligne l'audace du regard, net et franc.

“Il y a une certaine bonhomie dans ce hardi

tempérament et on la devine à l'affabilité souriante avec laquelle il interpelle ses officiers, à la simplicité de ses manières, à sa parole qui revêt parfois je ne sais quoi d'enjoué et d'aimable. J'ai pu voir ainsi, quelques instants, l'amiral aller et venir sur le pont; quant à ce qui est de l'interview que je me proposais de recueillir, ce fut autre chose.

"A Naples, certains confrères ont dénaturé sa pensée, l'ont campé dans une attitude qu'il n'a jamais été dans son intention de prendre, et alors, dame... chat échaudé craint l'eau froide.

"L'amiral a beaucoup de sympathie pour la presse, mais l'interview, avec ses conséquences parfois inattendues, l'effarouche un peu."

You might show a French journalist the proofs fifty times over that eighty per cent. of our seamen and marines were born in America, and he would still believe that they were all foreigners. He protests if we tell him that his seamen keep the decks the color of café-au-lait, and do not like or respect their officers—because there is some truth in the assertion. We admit that all the men in the French navy were born in France. We protest that our seamen are not foreigners, because there is some truth in his assertion. He admits that

they are a homogeneous crew who love their admiral.

We are satisfied.

Whatever the French journalist thought mattered little to the officers, as long as no French official prevented their riding in a carriage or on a railroad train wherever they pleased and testing all the table d'hôte dinners on the Riviera. Some of them were off the ship before noon on their way to Nice, which is fifteen minutes' ride, or to Monte Carlo, which is thirty minutes' ride. Everybody, even the Admiral, saw Monte Carlo. Many put a small sum on the tables to say that they had gambled at the greatest gaming place in the world; and then saw it swept off into the pockets of the Prince of Monaco by a croupier. The principle of some of the officers, as with the Admiral, was so strong that they would not make the single exception to their rules of life. In all, perhaps the Prince got as much as five hundred francs of the Olympia's salaries.

There was more healthful recreation; more quiet entertainment. Dr. Percy, who has the responsibility of delivering a well admiral over to his charge. Paymaster Smith is one of the officers of countrymen, does not forget the others under his

the wardroom, whose rations still go against him. Manila was a hard experience for a man of his years. The doctor prescribed for him on Wednesday a drive over the Corniche Road in the company of his physician. They lunched at Nice, Dr. Percy being a little vexed because the table d'hôte was not the right kind of fare for a man with a Manila stomach, but the paymaster told the doctor to go on with his own dinner and stop worrying. For himself, he would eat what was set before him; take things as they came. The drive did the paymaster a great deal of good; and the doctor was accordingly jubilant.

Father Rainey enjoyed Villefranche the most. He received a telegram from Rome that he had been granted an audience with the Pope and he was tripping down the gangway ten minutes later with a traveling bag in hand. When he went from Naples to Rome, an audience was not possible. The Chaplain had given up the idea of getting one at all, when along came the telegram, setting one young priest up in the seventh heaven of delight in a second. But no sooner had he returned from Rome than the Chaplain started off to "do" Paris. He is the greatest junketer on the ship, as he can afford to be. He has no duty on watch. Mr.

Capps is also in the relative position of a passenger, but not quite so much of a junketer as the Chaplain. He has been employed in the rehabilitation of the Isla de Cuba, Isla de Luzon and Don Juan de Austria in the dry-docks of Hong Kong. With the work well under way, Mr. Hobson has taken his place; and he is now going home on the Olympia.

At this, the hot season of the year, only the old habitues, who cannot leave the place as long as they possess a ten-franc piece, are to be seen at Monte Carlo. Most of them have systems of their own device whereby they hope to "break the bank"—that is, put one of the tables out of play. When they lose they withdraw to a corner to see what is wrong with their systems. Meanwhile, the smile of the croupier is one of set politeness. When the smile degenerates into a sneer at the corners of his mouth over human folly he is superannuated.

Whether it is summer or winter the grounds of Monte Carlo are beautiful. They were the attraction which led the Admiral to visit the Principality. He went for a drive with Mr. Brumby that afternoon and they brought up at Monte Carlo, where they dined at the restaurant of the Hotel de Paris. Here the Admiral unexpectedly met some

friends who joined them, making a happy party. After dinner they went over to the Casino and were in the gaming halls for a moment. The Admiral did not take the trouble to look around. His expression seemed to say: "So that is it?" and then he walked out into the fresh air.

On another afternoon the Admiral went for a drive with Vice-Consul Piatti along the famous Corniche Road, built by Napoleon I., the greatest of road builders, which winds up the mountains until the coast of the Riviera becomes a panorama at your feet. When he was here before the cabman, who did not want to drive his horses any farther up hill than he had to, took him only as far as the grotto and told him that was all, when it was really less than half. The Vice-Consul had procured a fleet pair of horses and the cabman understood that he was expected to drive to the highest point of the road, where the panorama reaches its climax. Again and again the Admiral expressed his obligations to the Vice-Consul for his kindness, while Mr. Piatti could only reply that the kindness was all on the Admiral's side. Everything of any interest at all along the route seemed to interest the Admiral. He had a word for the French boys and girls and a word for most of the villas they passed.

The Vice-Consul, who is one of the Queen's Household when she is here in winter, showed him the Queen's apartments and he asked more questions about them, as he did about many other things, than Mr. Piatti could answer.

"He owns me," said the Consul. "I can't say that I have ever met a great man with a more charming personality. With him in command I feel as if I could fight one of the guns of the Olympia myself."

It was unreasonable of the French Government to build a waiting booth between the railway track and the bay at Villefranche, thus shutting out a view of the Olympia from the trains. The faces of all the passengers in a compartment were at the door to get a glimpse for a moment as the train pulled into the station before the booth shut her out of sight, and another glimpse as the train pulled out, before it passed in to one of the numerous tunnels on the Riviera which help to make carriage riding popular. The flagship was open at certain hours every day to visitors, as it has been at the other ports in the Mediterranean. Sunday, the day of fêtes for the French, was made a day for seeing the Olympia by the populace of the vicinity. They went off in the little boats, for hire

at the quay, which is so near the Olympia's buoy that this time the flagship did not lower one of her launches. All the afternoon and most of the morning a stream of newcomers was going up the port gangway and a stream of those who had seen all that it is permitted to see went down the starboard gangway. There were fat café keepers; mother and father and daughters out for a change from the shop; young Frenchmen with their mistresses; younger officers of the army and navy; and the slouchy little French soldier, smoking his cigarette—a typical French crowd. Their chief remark about the Olympia related to her cleanliness. Whether or not they considered that an objection they did not say. But they were a very well mannered crowd as French crowds usually are, except when they are making a political demonstration. The Olympia has no seamen or marines of French birth, therefore the crowd had to do without explanations. In Trieste we had a seaman who spoke German and in Naples one who spoke Italian, to open and close the breeches of the guns and show how the shots that helped to win the battle of Manila Bay were fired. They got a little tired of their bargain in the end.

The Admiral came up on deck for a moment

with "Bob" at his heels. Two little girls holding hands were standing beside their mother at the edge of the forbidden ground. "Bob" walked up to them and began sniffing. He was quite different from a French poodle. They had never seen such a dog before and they were somewhat frightened. The good mother, herself, was too much interested in looking at the Admiral to pay attention to her offspring.

"He won't hurt you, little ones," said the Admiral, bending over to them. "He is very gentle."

When he had succeeded in reassuring the little girls and in making them smile and all but reach out to put their hands into "Bob's" soft fur, their playfellow went from them as suddenly as he had come. He happened to look up and see that he had an increasing audience, which contained a number of snapshot camera fiends, and he beat a retreat to the after-deck.

The Admiral has been in fine humor during his stay here. On Tuesday he remained aboard all day, coming up on the upper deck a number of times.

He asked of the apprentice, Allen—"Boy Allen" as he is known aboard ship, a fine, clean looking youngster:

"Did you go to Monte Carlo?"

"No, sir," was the reply.

"Why not?" the Admiral asked.

"Did not have money enough, sir."

"You poor boy!" he said in a semi-serious tone

"But didn't you have a good time ashore?"

"Yes, sir."

"That was right."

On Wednesday afternoon Consul Fletcher of Genoa called. Ever since the Admiral announced the plan of his homeward voyage Mr. Fletcher had been living against the hour when the Olympia should anchor in the bay of Genoa. Up to the last moment his hopes were high. When he heard three or four days before the Olympia left Leghorn that she was going to pass by Genoa and make her next stop at Villefranche he was as unhappy as the lonely Consul on the rock at Aden. But he had some redress and the Consul at Aden had none. It is only a few hours' run along the Italian and the French Riviera from Genoa to Villefranche. As if he meant to atone for the disappointment which he had caused the Consul the Admiral showed him all about the flagship, something he rarely does in person, however distinguished his guests may be. They happened to be on deck

when the colors were lowered. It was an impressive scene as the Admiral, stopping in the midst of an explanation at the call, in common with every officer and man on board, faced toward the stern and stood motionless with eyes reverently fixed on the flag.

After their first visit to Nice many of the seamen and marines did not take advantage of their shore leave. The quay, with the cafés patronized by the boatmen and fishermen, was not attractive by day when it was cooler aboard ship.

"You can't get anywhere without taking a train," said one, "and you don't know when the trains go. When you do get anywhere, nobody speaks English. About all we can make the cafés understand is beer. Most of us spent too much money in Leghorn to have any left for carriages and it's beneath the dignity of the crew of the *Olympia* to go ashore and not ride in carriages."

Besides most of them got enough exercise upon the parade ground at Villefranche. The French authorities kindly gave us the use of this parade ground in order to drill the landing battalion a little, preparatory for the great parade in New York. Inasmuch as there is to be nothing impromptu about the arrangements for the reception, the of-

ficers of the Olympia concluded to have the men know their parts as well as the reception committee. Many of the Olympia's crew were transferred from the other members of the Admiral's squadron which fought on the first of May. As a matter of fact they had never been drilled together. Thirteen months of sea legs is not favorable to movements on land. The Jackies might pardonably slouch down Broadway out of line; not the marines, who are the soldiers and the guardians of order on our men-of-war. They are expected to be erect and never to "roll" when they walk. "But you cannot drill men on a deck or on a three-cent piece," said Major Berryman of the marines. "There's no telling what we will look like, if we are taken right off the ship and put on the pavement."

On three different mornings the battalion has been ashore. They come off to the quay in two instalments on the launch and the two boats in tow of the launch. While the launch and the boats went for the rest, the first arrivals waited on the quay for their coming. As it marched up the winding road to the parade ground the battalion gave that impression of solidity and force, in contradistinction with what you see in France, which



SAILORS AND MARINES DRILLING AT VILLFRANCE, PREPARING FOR
THE PARADE IN NEW YORK CITY

is usually supposed to go with beefsteaks. The marines and the Jackies were both in white, with the neat kharkee leggings which distinguish both our army and navy. A few small boys led the procession with hand springs. Beyond that the battalion attracted little attention, and no cheers you may be sure. I observed some French officers, rather hidden by the trees, looking on at the drill.

On the first morning our officers were a little discouraged. They never worked harder in their lives. There was scarcely a man in any company who did not receive some personal direction from the lieutenant in charge. The tunics of the officers and the shirts of the men were soon sticking fast to their backs with perspiration, for the day was extremely hot. Only the executive officer, Mr. Colvocoresses, and the bugler and the color bearers, who were standing under the shade of the trees fringing the parade ground, escaped the sun. Mr. Colvocoresses did not escape the responsibility for the whole which rested upon his shoulders. (When I wanted to make a photograph of Nokes, the only color bearer who had his flag, he said that each of the four companies had

a color bearer, and they ought all to be in it, not just one alone. I mention the incident in parenthesis, to illustrate the spirit which prevails on the Olympia.)

On the second morning, the officers' feet were a little sorer than they were on the first but they were relieved. On the third morning their feet were so sore that they wanted to limp, although, you may be sure that they did not, but they were happy. The seamen and the marines had thought over the errors they had made on the first morning and how to remedy them during the following night, and on the next night had done the same. That was characteristic of the American soldier and sailor. As a result their improvement was almost incredible. Their drill on the third morning was an honor to their country. I think that I am justified in saying that they will get enough cheers, when they march down Broadway, to pay them for their trouble.

There remains now only Gibraltar—"They speak English there" we all say in speaking of it—and then the run to New York. As I spoke with the officers in the ward room just before the Olympia started this afternoon I could see that now that they are well—and the Admiral is well

—they are a little homesick. Some of them have been as long as two years away from wives, sweethearts and families.

Nice, August 31.

CHAPTER XIV.

GIBRALTAR.

Admiral Dewey returned from his hotel to the Olympia yesterday afternoon. Unless the entirely unexpected happens, he will next set foot ashore in the United States among his own people.

While he was at the hotel I sought a statement of his views of what should be the policy of the United States in the Philippines. I told him frankly that I was going to publish what he said, with his permission.

"I've little to say," he said, "until the recommendations of the commission, of which I am a member, are laid before President McKinley."

"Did you read what Mr. Schurman, one of the commissioners, had to say upon his return from the Philippines?"

"As he is quoted in the newspapers he definitely explains my position. I quite agree with what Mr. Schurman says. Indeed, I attach great importance to his opinions. He is an able and high-minded man, whose intelligence and conscien-

tious devotion to the task assigned him won my admiration. We were invariably in accord."

Admiral Dewey has never expressed regret that he asked to be made one of the Philippine Commissioners. On the other hand, he has said that he is glad that he was a member of the commission, and his greatest desire now is to put its report in the hands of the President as soon as possible.

"You may add this," the Admiral said with great earnestness. "I have not changed my opinion which I stated in the early days at Manila, then speaking with a knowledge of both peoples, that I consider the Filipinos more capable of self-government than the Cubans. I took the keenest interest in those Filipinos who were employed at the arsenal in Cavite, and often I was surprised at their intelligence. With fair and properly directed opportunities there are great possibilities in the Filipinos."

The Admiral feels it his duty to refuse the invitations that have been extended to him from Chicago and the West. After his reception in Washington he will go to Montpelier.

"I cannot disappoint the people of my native

town and State," he said. "They are very dear to me."

From Montpelier the Admiral expects to return to Washington for the sessions of the Philippine Commission.

"I do not know," he said, "if Colonel Denby will return by that time. If he has returned, I hope to meet both him and Mr. Schurman in Washington. Of course, General Otis cannot leave the Philippines, and I see that Professor Dean Worcester is still in the islands. However, there may be three of us, and, as we are in accord, there should be little difficulty in making our formal report. I hope we can get to work at once and keep at it until our task is finished. Anyhow, Schurman and myself can put our heads together."

I mentioned to the Admiral what was uppermost in the minds of many men who were at Manila—what his officers believe—that had he been given full powers as a governor-general there would have been no rebellion.

The Admiral raised his eyebrows at this as one who gets information for the first time. He was absolutely startled.

From what I have learned from conversations with him and from those around him, I conclude

that he will never accept the nomination for the Presidency. The limit in height of his political ambition is to place, at the proper time, before the President and the country, the judgment he has formed and the information he possesses concerning the Philippines. His only desire is to assist the Administration in solving the problems that confront it. Admiral Dewey has thought deeply on this subject during his voyage. At Singapore he gathered much information concerning the methods that England uses in governing the Malay States.

Inasmuch as it was Mr. McKinley's personal desire to assign the Admiral to the command of the Asiatic station, Dewey has the kindest feelings toward the President. Moreover, it is generally understood by those close to the Admiral that he hopes that Mr. McKinley will be re-elected.

After the conversation with him that I have quoted, the Admiral, with that kindness and consideration that are characteristic of him, said to me:

"You know, my boy, if I were going to give the opinion that you ask to anyone, I would surely give it to you; for you have never made me say

things that never even crossed my mind."

So the Olympia started for home. There is no gainsaying that everybody aboard her is intensely happy. The Admiral early appeared on the after-deck, and a little while later on the bridge, where he watched the final preparations for departure.

As always, Mr. Colvocoresses, the executive officer of the Olympia, was a strict disciplinarian, but happy, like the rest, in starting for home, he gave his orders to-day good-naturedly.

"So you are going home to-day?" he said to me.

In the next instant he bellowed to his orderly:

"Tell the men aboard that pilot boat not to put their hooks on the brass rail of the after-deck."

Then, smiling, he continued to me: "For a fortnight this will be no place for an idle man. The Admiral would be broken-hearted if he did not arrive in New York Bay on the night he has fixed upon. At any minute of the voyage I must be prepared to give him every detail about the currents, about the winds, about anything he may ask of."

I have had talks with the Admiral sitting in his little room at the hotel at Gibraltar in which his expressions showed the same simplicity which won the heart of the Spanish landlord who was his

host, of the Spanish waiters who attended him, and of the Spanish children who played at his knees.

"I can accept so few invitations!" he exclaimed to-day. "But I would like to accept every one of them, to show my appreciation." I have just received a cablegram from Three Oaks, a town in Michigan, which asked me to go there if I should go to Chicago. Three Oaks won the gun from the Spanish fleet which Captain Hooker offered to the town that would subscribe the most money for it in proportion to population. Now, I ask the good and loyal people of Three Oaks if they think I could ever show my face in my native town if I went to Chicago before going to Montpelier?"

Lately, the Admiral received a copy of the *Naval Institute*, with an article by Navigator Caulkins on the battle at Manila, in which Mr. Caulkins states that no submarine mines were exploded there, that only one torpedo-boat was sighted when the fleet entered the bay, and that Navigator Caulkins himself did not see either the exploding torpedoes or the torpedo-boat.

Commenting on this article, Admiral Dewey said:

"I myself saw the mines in the bay explode, and

I saw the torpedo-boat which we disabled. Captain Lamberton saw the other torpedo-boat, which was first reported by Apprentice Allen, who was set on the lookout by Commander Colvocoresses to report anything he saw. After our fire was directed on this torpedo-boat she sank. I have asked that my report, for the sake of accuracy, be also printed in the *Naval Institute*."

The Admiral has also spoken to me about a declaration by a Southern American minister that was sent to him. It seems to represent to the Admiral a certain erroneous impression that appears to prevail in America. The preacher said that for his action in Manila Bay that May morning Dewey should have first been reduced to the ranks and instantly made a full admiral.

"As if we did not know what we were doing!" Dewey exclaimed, reading this. "There were many mines in the bay. We afterward learned why they did not explode, and the information was in accord with what we had learned before we entered the bay. The happiest moment of my life was when I learned that the Spanish squadron was not in Subig Bay but in Manila Bay. The Spaniards made very poor use of their opportunity."

The Admiral insists that both Captain Lamber-ton and Lieutenant Brumby accompany him to Washington.

Mr. Brumby, with gallant forethought, has asked a committee from Georgia that is to present to him a sword from the State not to come to New York.

"This reception," said Mr. Brumby, "is for Dewey and nobody else."

I suggested to the Admiral once that there should be a dry dock at Manila.

"We certainly cannot keep on going to Hong Kong for a dry dock," he said. "And we must have a dock at Manila if we are going to maintain the Philippines."

The Admiral expressed to me his gratification at the report that Major-General Miles will be sent to command the troops in the Philippines.

Gibraltar, September 10.

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GEORGE DEWEY

ADMIRAL



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